OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—NO. 7

JUNE 17, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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How the nations of the world have answered, and are still answering, the high import duties of the Hawley-Smoot bill. Even China has joined the crowd.

Notes on Drinking With Cops
By Milton St. John

One hour this author was guzzling in a speakeasy with a policeman and the next he was in a cell for driving 37 miles an hour—and here he tells his amusing story.

What About the End of the Earth?
By Sir Oliver Lodge

Don't worry too much about it during the depression—there's still time left for another presidential election. The noted Englishman discusses some of his own theories as well as those of Sir James Jeans.

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WITH OUR READERS

Californians and Others

To the Editor: *Royal Oak, Mich.*

SIR—I have been very much amused reading the letters sent to you by Californians in reaction to your article, "California, the Unbeloved." When I read this article I was amazed by the astute analysis of the feeling which most Californians and their state arouse in the minds of non-Californians. I wish to compliment you on presenting in a humorous attack a feeling which I know many have felt, and which they have been unable to express.

From the days of my childhood I can remember being subject to a continual deluge of California braggart propaganda. So impressive did this become that last summer I decided to take a trip out to the Promised Land and see what I was missing. I'm glad I did this for I lost my jealousy of the place.

The writer of the article touched on a subject close to my heart when he spoke of the plant quarantine on the California border. I have traveled in practically every state in the Union, but never have I been so disgruntled as I was by the absurd California law that makes it necessary to waste two hours unpacking and repacking a camping outfit. Even prohibition enforcement pales in the light of this search for imaginary bugs. But we must allow California her way in doing everything that is different.

Your correspondent, Mr. Hanna, of Los Angeles, may think that "one who attempts to distinguish the citizens of any particular section of the United States from the remainder of the country must close his eyes to the facts." I believed that once also. But the Californians themselves have raised this idea of distinction. They divide the citizens of the United States into Californians and non-Californians, and woe to him who brings upon himself that look of pity and disdain which the Californians use when they cast their eyes upon us non-Californians who are made of common earth. In the western states I was impressed by the feeling of downright dislike that the people in general have for the Californians. They know the Californians for what they are, and surely they can't all be wrong.

Again may I compliment you for publishing this article? If you should lose a few subscriptions from some of the more narrow-minded Californians, you will gain many in the surrounding states. Anyway, I don't think you will lose many Californian subscriptions, because most Californians are liberal-minded and have a sense of humor.

JOHN W. LEDERLE.

Business Leadership

To the Editor: *Toledo*

SIR—If I may take the liberty of commenting on "Looking Forward" in the May 27th issue of the OUTLOOK, I should like to point out that no great banker or industrial leader, or recognized leader of any kind, has ever made a great proposal for human progress after he had attained his leadership. Such personal security as is implied in great public recognition not only inhibits thinking (which is stimulated by suffering, not by security), but also would be definitely threatened by proposals of change. It follows that the greatest resistance to any remedial measures in the present situation comes exactly from those to whom you now look for help.

Suffering on the part of the thinkers, and the fear of loss of security on the part of recognized leaders, commonly lead to enough antagonism to largely abolish both the sense of justice and common sense. Hardly anyone really wants more than a fair deal and hardly anyone gets it. Both socialists and capitalists demand much more than justice in the hope of getting more than their opponents would otherwise allow them.

For the settlement of this primary human conflict—which is really the basis of practically all strife from individuals to nations—I wish to present the point of view of one who thinks himself to be enough capitalist to understand the capitalists, and enough laborer to understand the laborers. May I say that "A High Command for Business" is as certainly doomed to fail as prohibition or the Russian despotism? You can not fail to realize that the desire for individual liberty, with just rewards for industry as the basis of personal independence, is the most powerful social force in the world and has been so in all known history. You can therefore no more control business than you can control the weather, birth and death rates, fertility, discovery, style and taste, personal habits, human thought, the price of commodities or the price of labor.

Will you consider the price of wheat? It is argued that it costs more to grow wheat than one can get for it in the market. If that be true anyone is a fool to grow wheat, and it must follow that no wheat is needed. How is the cost of growing wheat to be determined? Capital costs and labor costs include all. In reckoning the capital costs, one must take into account any changes in the value of the invested capital that may have occurred since the investment. If money becomes dear, as it did at the crash of the market, then a new valuation must be put upon the involved capital. Equally so, the value of money affects the price properly to be considered for the labor in growing the wheat, as it does even more readily the price to be offered in the market for the grain. If a little common sense could be used in the argument, it would be readily seen that the value of the capital and labor involved in growing wheat depend upon nothing else in the whole world than *the market value of the wheat.*

All the arguing is done with the cart in front of the horse. As long as humans want wheat, it must remain profitable to grow it. If it is less profitable to grow wheat than to engage in other production, humans with enough sense to justify their existence will not need any board of control to tell them so. The needed control is some success in stopping all the would-be controllers—they never do better than make a mess.

In a word, our efforts to fix the value of invested capital and insist upon a certain return upon it at that fixed value, and likewise to fix the price of labor so as at least to prevent any downward adjustment of wages when money advances in value, these two efforts alone presuppose our ability to regulate or exactly measure in advance supply and demand and to despotically control all human endeavor.

NELSON MORRIS.

Hint to Radio Announcers

To the Editor: *Chicago*

SIR—Your excellent article, "The Suicide of Radio," by Marshall Kernochan, certainly hit the spot with me. The fearful mass of musical (?) garbage one must wade through in hope of hearing something decent is appalling, while the throaty ignoramuses who address their complacent inanities ostensibly to a large audience of "kids" expose their ignorance of the basic fact of radio announcing, namely, that *they are speaking to a few people in a room.*

P. A. VAILE.

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SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

June 17, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Wailing Wall Report*

TWO YEARS after Palestine's last disastrous riots the rights of Jews and Moslems as to the celebrated Wailing Wall in Jerusalem have been determined by a commission appointed by the British government with the approval of the League of Nations. The 1929 trouble between the Jews and Moslems centered at the Wailing Wall, a remnant of the wall of Solomon's Temple, built 3,000 years ago. Now the British commission—three prominent men from Sweden, Switzerland and Holland—has decided that the Wall is the sole property of the Moslems but that free access to it for worship shall be had by the Jews, though under certain specified conditions.

Like all reports relating to Palestine, this one is considered a disappointment by both sides. The Moslems are convinced that the privileges given the Jews are too broad, the Jews that they are too narrow. Yet no impartial observer will be greatly disconcerted by this reception for what appears to be an impartial report. Here is a definite clash, dramatized by the centuries which have rolled across the Wall. Yet the Wailing Wall merely emphasizes the real difficulty which the British have in controlling Palestine under the present mandate, which places in British hands both the task of developing a national home for Jews in Palestine and the paradoxical job of protecting the rights and the position of Palestine's 700,000 Arabs.

The British have done their best to square the ideal of the Jewish homeland with the rights of the Arabs, but it has proved to be impossible. Compromise merely results in the British jumping from the Jewish fryingpan into the Arab fire and back again, *ad infinitum*.

▸▸*Florida's Betting Law*

FROM the economic, from the political and from the moral standpoint the Florida legislature did well to override Governor Carlton's veto of the pari-mutuel bill. It did well from the economic standpoint because hereafter the state will receive three per cent of the gross wagerings at horse and dog tracks, instead of nothing, as hitherto. It did well from the political standpoint because honest betting on races has the support of the average citizen, and because the bill will commend itself to all fair-minded Floridians since, under its local option provision, no county can set up a race track and pari-mutuel system until that action has been approved by public sentiment in a referendum. It did well from the moral standpoint because the bill will discourage bookies, legalize a practice which is unobjectionable when properly conducted and unpreventable in any case, eliminate the hypocritical pretense of an anti-betting law and put the race tracks on a higher and more pleasant plane. If the pari-mutuel system works half as well in Florida as it is expected to, other states will be encouraged to imitate it. Which we certainly believe they should do.

▸▸*Conference of Governors*

WHEN, a few weeks ago, we made bold to chuckle at the timorous program announced for the conference of state Governors at French Lick Springs, we were chided for irreverence. Naturally, then, we were amused to note that when the conference assembled its most severe critics were the Governors themselves, or rather the three outstanding Governors in attendance—Roosevelt of New York, Pinchot of Pennsylvania and Ritchie of Maryland. Another critic was that astute political correspondent, Frank Kent, who informed the Baltimore *Sun* that "every issue and question of real public interest and importance has been carefully sidestepped" and declared: "The most striking thing about this annual conference of Governors, which opened here today, is the thoughtfully planned effort to make it inane, inert, flat, flavorless, dull, stupid and completely useless."

Governors Roosevelt and Pinchot criticized the conference indirectly by departing widely from the trivial topics assigned them. Governor Ritchie criticized it directly for pussyfooting. Among them they made mention of most of the controversial subjects which the program committee had eliminated. Ritchie spoke of prohibition; Roosevelt of the tariff and unemployment insurance; Pinchot of public utilities.

In so far as the conference dealt with these prohibited subjects it was interesting and useful; in so far as it dealt with the assigned subjects it was neither. If only the Governors had forgotten the assigned subjects entirely, sticking to those controversial subjects on which an exchange of ideas is most valuable, they might have justified the cost of their trip to French Lick Springs.

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▶▶*The Pinchot Candidacy*

IF GIFFORD PINCHOT is not a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, he hopes to be soon. Pinchot field workers are visiting around with the western progressives; Mr. Pinchot himself has evinced a sudden weakness for their equalization fee and export debenture panaceas, and at the conference of Governors he aimed his hat at the presidential ring with one hand while he clenched the other under the noses of the public utilities.

Mr. Pinchot, who has been fighting the power interests for twenty-five years, grows ever more aggressive. "Either we must control electric power," he said at French Lick Springs, "or its masters and owners will control us." Either we shall be free men, "masters of our own destinies and our own souls, or we shall be the helpless servants of the most widespread, far-reaching and penetrating monopoly ever known." Public utilities, he said, are making such profits as they please, controlling public service commissions established to regulate them and operating political machines. Their capitalization schemes are dishonest, their rates exorbitant. "Graft is money collected but not rightly due. So here is graft

International

UNDER INDICTMENT
Al Capone of Chicago, facing federal prosecution

and, so far as I know, the most gigantic graft ever imposed or collected by any single business since the world began."

The problem, he said, must be tackled, not locally, but nationally—presumably by the election of Pinchot as President. But if the country waits for that, it will have a very long wait. How could Pinchot possibly defeat Hoover for the Republican nomination; or even, with the utmost progressive support, capture more than 200 of the 1,100 votes at the Republican convention? If nominated, how could he possibly defeat the probable Democratic nominee, Franklin Roosevelt? In a Roosevelt-Pinchot contest the power issue would disappear immediately, since Roosevelt is as progressive on that issue as Pinchot, and more level-headed. The one real issue would be prohibition—Pinchot is an extreme dry—and there Roosevelt would have a decided advantage. That business in general would prefer Roosevelt to Pinchot may be taken for granted. The utmost Pinchot can do, evidently, is to influence the Republican platform and create serious divisions within the Republican party. So if the battle-scarred Bull Moose is really out for President, he must simply be out for the fun of it.

▶▶*Hamstringing Russia*

THE New York State Chamber of Commerce has hit a new low in business sagacity in its attack on Russian-American trade. Believe it or not, the Chamber has almost unanimously adopted a resolution proposing that the United States stop importing goods from Russia and cease exporting to Russia industrial equipment and technical advice.

Why? Because Communist Russia is seeking supremacy in world markets; her advance thereto is aided by and dependent upon her trade with the United States and other capitalist nations; hence, to stop the advance, stop the trade, the United States leading with embargoes and the other capitalist nations following suit. The fallacy in this, of course, is that there is no reason whatever to think that the other nations would follow suit. They wouldn't. Hence if we took the lead we should simply deprive ourselves of our valuable trade with Russia and of our chance to increase it as she increases the buying power of her 150,000,000 people. Meanwhile, the other capitalist nations, instead of cutting loose from Russia, would tie themselves ever closer to her. They're doing so right now—for example, Germany, Italy, Japan, France and Spain. Germany has been moving heaven and earth to finance the Russian customer and Italy too is tightening the trade lines to Moscow. Again, on the day following the Chamber's

Acme

CHARGING BULL MOOSE
Action picture of Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania

action Russian trade delegations were favorably received in Paris and Tokio, while the Russian oil trust announced a new contract signed with the Spanish government. If the United States doesn't want to trade with Russia, other capitalist countries do. Americans might as well face the facts, forget these impossible schemes to hamstring Russian trade and go after the Russian market wholeheartedly.

▶▶*Capone Indicted*

OUR bone-dry Administration treated its dry supporters to an advertisement chock full of reader interest and pulling power when, on June 4, Al Capone was indicted by a federal grand jury in Chicago. Capone has become a symbol of all that makes prohibition a failure and farce. Hence an attack on Capone has all the appearance of a terrific enforcement drive, and should put the Administration in solid with drys who have been pining away for lack of a sign that their panacea will work. As Assistant Attorney General Youngquist naïvely puts it: "If we can get Capone behind the bars, it will be the greatest stroke for law enforcement in this Administration."

Aside from its uses as an advertisement, the Capone indictment is just an incident. Capone was cornered in what

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the newspapers call a two-year man hunt, which at times enlisted more than a hundred federal agents. He was arrested on charges of violating the income tax laws—yes, it has its funny side—and will be tried under the threat of a possible thirty-two-year sentence. And, as far as prohibition is concerned, what of it? What practical difference would it make in prohibition enforcement if Capone were to be convicted? No sensible person will deny that Chicago is soaking wet and that its citizens intend to keep it so. In Chicago, as in most American centers of population, the supply of liquor is determined almost wholly by the demand. As long as that demand exists it will be supplied, whether it is supplied by a dozen little organizations or by only a few big ones headed by one or two captains of the liquor industry.

These facts, however, will be unpalatable to the Administration's dry supporters, who will doubtless refuse to consider them and will swallow the Capone indictment instead. "See; we told you the federal government could and would enforce this law," they'll say. And every bright bootlegger will applaud.

▸▸*The Lindberghs on Tour*

FLYING EASTWARD, or perhaps westward, to the Orient, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh will, of course, make a greater contribution to the summer's light reading than to the progress of aviation. Even should they go by one route and return by the other they will not cover much territory that has not been covered before by one sort of plane or another. They cannot be expected and—all credit to them—they do not propose to influence aviation directly or indirectly. The time has long since passed when the course of aviation or of public opinion concerning it could be greatly changed by a single flight or a dozen.

Public interest in the trip will not be diminished, however, by the fact that no sensible person will offer a toast to science on bidding the Lindberghs Godspeed. That the nation watches Lindbergh closely is certainly not news. He would not need to take his wife along to keep his flight on the front pages. Yet Mrs. Lindbergh's presence does lend the flight significance. What we have here is a young married couple who like to fly and naturally take to the air when they want to travel. We are getting a moving-picture of the wedding trip and the first-anniversary tour of fifty or seventy-five years hence. The Lindberghs are the successors to those daring spirits of the early 1900's who drove to Niagara in their merry Oldsmobiles. Their airplane flight to the Far East is but the ultra-modern counterpart of the old camping trip into the great West.

▸▸*As Coolidge Would Say*

(Since, in his own words, "the brains of the country need relaxation and refreshment more than ever this season," Mr. Coolidge will suspend his daily newspaper article from July to September while he takes a vacation. A vacation is good to have, as Mr. Coolidge would say. Nevertheless, his daily message will be sorely missed by his followers, some of whom nowadays may find extended vacations, if necessary, uncomfortable. Therefore, we present a substitute column, offering hope, encouragement and sound sense in the Coolidge manner, to tide his readers over the summer months. Newspaper editors are at liberty to keep this standing in the space heretofore sacred to Mr. Coolidge.)

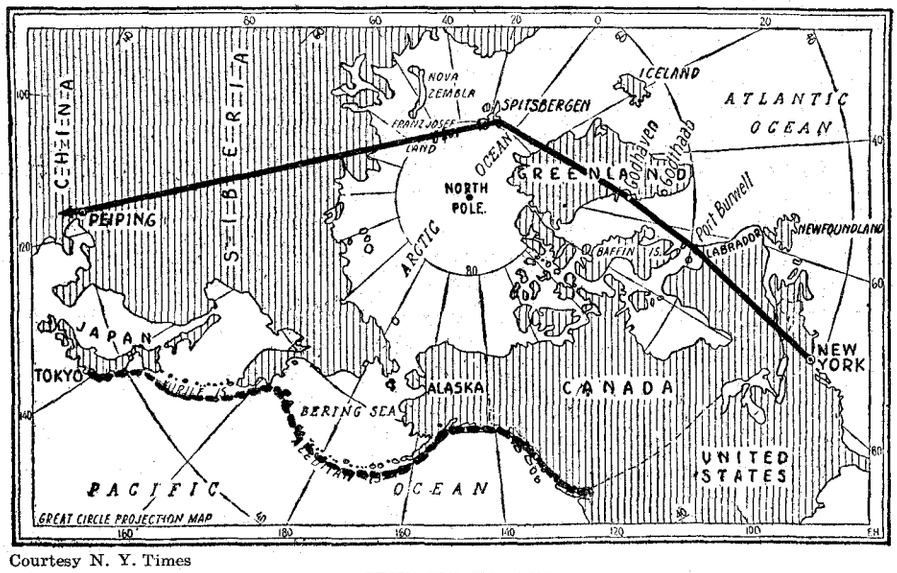
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—Summer is a good time in which to take thought of the future. It is warm then. During the winter many citizens of our great country, the United States, put more emphasis on how to gain a living than on how to live. But during the summer they find themselves face to face with the spectacle of nature in all its glory. Nature is a fine thing. All things of the spirit are fine. The man who concentrates on the spiritual side of life is the gainer. Nevertheless, it is wise, at all times, to have some money. This facilitates dealings with grocers, clothiers, butchers, bakers and so on.

Honesty, as some one has said, is the best policy. It is well to remember this. The Fourth of July is Independence Day. Such thoughts cannot be recalled too often. A platitude is a truth which has often been stated, usually by me. The frequency with which it has been repeated merely attests its truth. Put all your trust in platitudes. The leaders of our great nation are always right. No news is good news. Physician, heal thyself. A drowning man clutches at a burnt child. This makes exactly two hundred words.

▸▸*House for Roosevelt*

AN ARRESTING bit of political news broke on June 4 when the New York *Herald Tribune* revealed that Governor Roosevelt's candidacy for President had the support of Colonel Edward M. House, adviser, intimate, international chore-boy and agent extraordinary of Woodrow Wilson. House has been a name to conjure with since, early in 1910, he came east from Texas, looking for a Democrat to help into the White House as he had helped lesser lights into the Governor's mansion at Austin. It was then that the Texas Colonel cast his lot with Wilson, for whom he subsequently talked with kings.

One striking phase of Colonel House's espousal of Roosevelt is that it comes after more than a decade of silence. Colonel House has not entered a campaign for any candidate since Wilson, whom he hailed in the summer of 1911 as "the best man who can be nominated



Courtesy N. Y. Times

AIRWAYS TO ASIA

Possible routes of the Lindberghs' pleasure trip from New York to the Orient

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and elected." Now, twenty years later, almost to the day, he hails Roosevelt as the Democratic party's "strongest and most available candidate." Yet the

MR. WILSON'S HOUSE

Cartoon by Cesare from "The Mirrors of Washington," courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

two years differ greatly. In 1911 Colonel House was, as politicians go, a young man, ambitious to see the world from the inside. To Wilson's support he brought a fine loyalty, power in his own bailiwick and influence elsewhere. There are indications that his groundwork cleared the way for Bryan's march to the Wilson side, hence for Wilson's nomination and election.

It is doubtful that Roosevelt can reap so much from House, who is seventy-three years old, in poor health and probably out of touch with many post-war political leaders. The very linking of his name with Roosevelt's, however, should help the latter at least in the southern hinterlands, where Wilson is a god and House his prophet. Whatever its value, House's support of Roosevelt again suggests that the New York Governor is far ahead of any other candidate for the Democratic nomination. Indeed, many political soothsayers are taking Roosevelt's nomination for granted and wondering who will be his running-mate. The next few months should see a rush for the Roosevelt bandwagon.

▶▶ *The Slapper Slapped*

WHEN, on May 28, Assistant Secretary of Commerce Klein told the National Trade Council that the Hawley-Smoot tariff had not been the cause of subsequent tariff retaliations by other countries, Canada promptly punctuated his speech with a question mark. On the very same day Premier Bennett announced that he had ready a budget featuring a general increase in tariff rates. Nipped to note that these rates bore heavily upon American exports, Dr. Klein squirmingly contended that Canada was putting herself into a favorable bargaining position for the British Dominions' conference this fall on reciprocal tariffs.

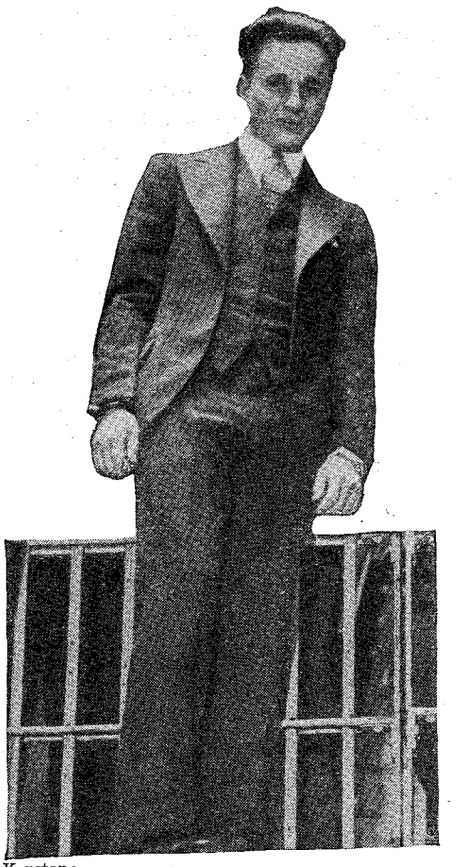
Unfortunately for the good doctor's strange diagnosis, it was followed by dispatches from London to the effect that Canada intended to postpone that conference indefinitely. The plain fact is that, following the enactment of ou Hawley-Smoot tariff bill last June, Can ada, angered by its skyscraping rates, went to the polls in July, voting out the Liberals, who wanted to build up her tariff wall to the American level, and voting in the Conservatives, who wanted to build it still higher. The new Canadian rates are obviously aimed at the United States. Even Dr. Klein does not deny that they will imperil American exports.

What we have is the United States slapping Canada in the face and Canada slapping back—a ridiculous situation all the way around, since Canada is our best customer and we are hers. The worst of it is that we are receiving the harder blows. As Canada puts up her tariffs against American goods, American manufacturers put up branch factories in Canada. The six hundred already there do nothing to solve our unemployment problem or to improve the market for our manufacturers in general. That this face-slapping contest between Canada and the United States should be abandoned for a policy of tariff reciprocity would seem too clear to need much argument.

▶▶ *Speedy Justice*

NEW YORK may well congratulate itself on the quickness with which the law took its course in the Crowley case. Crowley is the nineteen-year-old criminal who, together with another young man, Rudolph Duringer, and a sixteen-year-old girl, Helen Walsh, was captured in New York City on May 7 after a police raid sensational enough to remind Newton D. Baker of a skirmish on the Western Front. Crowley was wanted for the murder of a policeman, Duringer for the murder of a dance-hall hostess. Within twenty-eight days after the capture both young men had been tried and convicted. If justice were always, or even customarily, as swift as this, America would have no crime problem worthy of the name.

For the fact that the customary delays and uncertainties were absent this time, there may be a variety of reasons. Crowley had killed a policeman, and the police strike back swiftly and hard when the victim is one of their own number. Again, Crowley and Duringer had no money, belonged to no powerful gang and were able to exert no influence. To note these things is not to detract from the credit due police, prosecutors and the judicial system generally in these cases. It is simply to emphasize the fact



Keystone

SENTENCED TO DEATH

The nineteen-year-old Francis Crowley of New York City

that very often things don't work out this way.

It is questionable whether anything else than early detection and segregation

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—even less easy than they sound—can prevent the commission of crimes by subnormal persons like Crowley, who, though he attended school for ten years, could neither read nor write, and who when nearly fifteen was found to have the mental age of ten. But if anything else can, it must be a system of justice featuring swiftness and certainty of punishment. For that matter, these influences act as powerful deterrents on normal criminals also, but, though this has been stressed times without number, justice becomes no swifter or more certain on that account.

▶▶*Report on Prosecution*

THERE IS NO MYSTERY in the failure of the latest Wickersham document to capture public fancy. The commission could not expect its report on prosecution to be the subject of acclaim in June after making its report on prohibition the subject of ridicule in January. When the openly wet Wickersham commissioners turned in a distinctly dry report, they made the bed in which they must lie hereafter.

Nevertheless, the report at hand is in many respects a good one. It acknowledges the constantly challenging fact that present-day criminal justice is ineffective. It strikes bed rock in noting that the "connection between the prosecutor's office and politics is the bane of prosecution." It urges the elimination of this connection through provision for more judicious appointment of prosecuting officers, with a more secure tenure of office and a more concentrated and better defined responsibility. It reprints more specialized findings and, on its own account, asserts that the grand jury should be retained as a general investigating body but not necessarily as a basis of all prosecutions for infamous crimes, since it often "wastes time, money and energy and diffuses responsibility in a field where responsibility ought to be concentrated."

But the public cannot separate the report from the reporters. The value of any Wickersham report on minor problems was reduced to a fraction when, because of the distorted report on the major problem of prohibition, the commission's prestige was reduced to zero. Who will be moved by the commission's assault on a system wherein prosecutors are influenced by politics when he recalls that, in turning out its prohibition report, the commission itself was influenced by politics? It is something more than the pot calling the kettle black. The prosecutor often bows to politics because of practical necessity. The Wickersham commission has not the excuse of practical necessity for bowing to the known desire of a dry Administration.

▶▶*Chance for the Cannons*

AMERICANS need not grope through the maze of proposals and counter-proposals at the League of Nations narcotic conference in Geneva to see that it has been going none too well. The conference was called to reach some agreement whereby the world's manufacture of habit-forming drugs might be limited to actual scientific and medical needs. To date no such agreement has been reached. Instead, such narcotic-manufacturing countries as Turkey have obstinately—self-interestedly—blocked the way to progress. The League is exercising the right strategy in attempting to strike at the illicit narcotic trade by striking at its source, but the trade is so profitable, the traders are so elusive, that an effective blow is probably a matter of many years.

Whatever is done about the subterranean narcotic traffic abroad, something can be done about it in the United States. At least, Americans could turn a hundredfold more energy into the fight. It is easy to see where this energy could come from—from the very people who are now so righteously and wrongheadedly devoting themselves to the preservation of Volsteadism. How much better if the Bishop Cannons and Clarence True Wilsons were to turn their crusading spirit against a trade which is acknowledgedly indefensible. Powered from their dynamos, the American movement against narcotics might become practically irresistible. Public opinion and legislatures, state and national, would gladly yield anything they demanded to strengthen the Customs Service, Coast Guard and the bor-

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 224.

This year above most others the brain and the hand need to be replenished by rest.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Mrs. Florence S. Bower, 19820 Battersea Boulevard, Village of Rocky River, Cleveland, Ohio, $5 prize.

Great successes date from depressions. —ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Jacob Dress, 75 Douglas Avenue, Providence, R. I., $2 prize.

We are living in a time of great opportunity, of stimulating appeal to the imagination.—WALTER S. GIFFORD.

C. M. Littlejohn, 2523 Juneau St., Seattle, Wash., $2 prize.

Millionaires! They are becoming as common as bags of popcorn.—THEODORE DREISER.

A. L. Vandermast, Zearing, Iowa., $2 prize.

After the advent of prohibition nine-tenths of the drunkenness in the United States disappeared.—COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH.

Miss Esther Paul, 640 Maryland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., $2 prize.

Prohibition has been proved a success by staggering figures.—RT. REV. JAMES CANNON, JR.

R. B. Bogart, 1121 Gratz St., Knoxville, Tenn., $2 prize.

American diplomacy is easy on the brain, but hell on the feet.—AMBASSADOR CHARLES G. DAWES.

Ernest R. Lowe, 73 Cherry St., Waltham, Mass., $2 prize.

Fifty million Frenchmen CAN be wrong.—TEXAS GUINAN.

Lewis Nimitz, Jr., 231 South Chadbourne St., San Angelo, Texas, $2 prize.

Women are superior to men in that they can enter everywhere, especially where they have no special business.—STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

Robt. R. Stanton, 50 Commerce St., New York, N. Y., $2 prize.

Divorces should not be obtained so easily. Matrimony is a serious business. —PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

Miss Alice Winter, 427 A Avenue, Coronado, California, $2 prize.

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der patrols. No doubt dope would still enter the country and be distributed to its addicts, but not in the present quantity. What a service they could do the nation by dropping their war on intoxicants and opening a war on opium!

▶▶*Just Before the Battle*

Bishop Cannon's $500,000 libel suit against Representative George Holden Tinkham, hearty Massachusetts wet and fiery foe of tieups between church and state, promises to produce the battle of the century. The bout has been brewing since last June, when Mr. Tinkham declared that but $17,000 of the $65,000 given to the Bishop by a certain New Yorker for use against Governor Smith in 1928 had been reported under the corrupt practices act. When Mr. Tinkham wanted to know what had become of the $48,000 balance, the Senate lobby committee determined to find out. That brought on the celebrated scene wherein the Bishop pulled the committeemen's figurative noses and walked out of the committee room. He also dared Mr. Tinkham to repeat his charges outside the immunity-conferring walls of Congress. Hence, the Tinkham statement in which he was quoted as calling the Bishop "a shameless violator of the federal corrupt practices act, a criminal statute." Hence the libel suit.

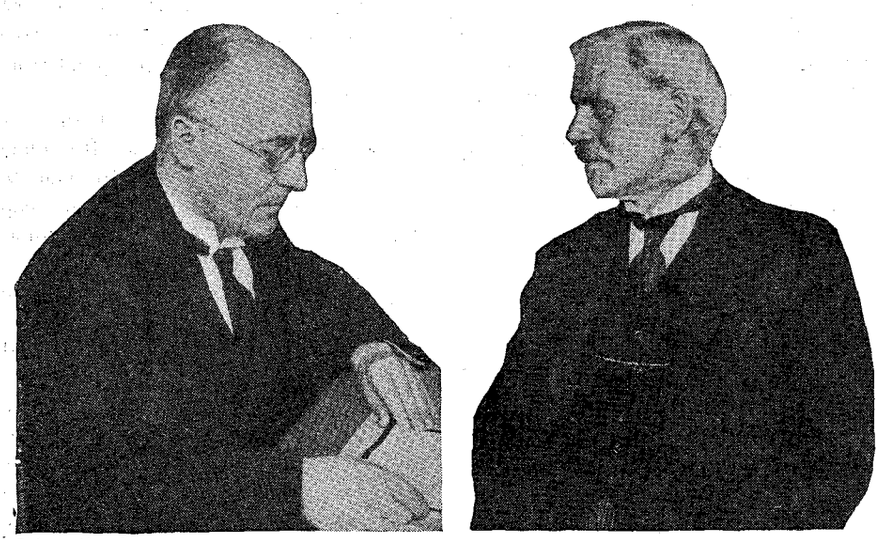
A shrewd and aggressive fighter always, Bishop Cannon, Virginia's cracker-dry Richelieu, is a man of no little legal ability. Quite as shrewd and even more aggressive, Mr. Tinkham has no little legal ability of his own. The lawyers, who may prove to be the seconds rather than the principals in the court-room clash, will probably be first-rate ones, since the stakes are. Should the Bishop lose, attacks on the church lobby he symbolizes may be encouraged. Should he win, they may be discouraged. Seats for the trial should be at a premium.

▶▶*As to Cancellation*

The interests of America were plainly at stake two years ago in the Rapidan conversations between President Hoover and Premier MacDonald of Great Britain. They were as much at stake in the conversations at Chequers, England, a few days ago between Mr. MacDonald and Chancellor Bruening of Germany. The 1929 meeting, reopening the disarmament question, raised American hopes of lower taxes. The 1931 meeting, reopening the war debts and reparations questions, created American fears of higher taxes.

Chancellor Bruening wants the Young plan revised to reduce Germany's reparations payments to the Allies. These payments, he says, are crushing Germany to the earth. The German government has cut expenditures and increased taxes as much as possible. Now, it declares in its important manifesto of June 6, "the limits of the privations we have imposed on our people have been reached." Whether they have or not, there is force in the German threat that, unless reparations and taxes are reduced, Bruening's moderate Cabinet will be swept aside by the Fascists, who believe that Germany should pay no reparations at all.

Our interests enter in this fashion: The Allies hold that reparations and war debts are one question; that four-fifths of their receipts from Germany go to the United States, and that they cannot cancel Germany's debt unless the United States cancels their debts. While neither Britain, France nor Italy has directly asked us to cancel all or part of the debts they owe us, that course has been advocated in our own country on the ground that, though in effect it would enormously increase our national debt, it would nevertheless help us economically by increasing our foreign trade. So far, Germany's case for partial cancellation is more impressive than our war associates'. It is easy to see that there might be merit in our cancellation of the war debts if it were accompanied by disarmament and by agreements for lower tariffs. But what practical prospect is there for general tariff reductions in the reasonably near future, and what prospect that the Allies will stop spending their surplus funds on armaments? The long and the short of it is that Americans will never support cancellation of our war associates' debts until they are shown they would gain more than they would lose thereby. So far they have never been shown anything of the sort. The cancellationists have not yet made out a particularly clinching case.



International

CONVERSED AT CHEQUERS

Chancellor Heinrich Bruening of Germany and Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain

▶▶*The 473,000-Votes Story*

In an article syndicated by the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* the strength of former-Governor Smith as a candidate for President in 1932 is described at length by Mark Sullivan, a Republican and a devoted member of Mr. Hoover's medicine ball cabinet. Mr. Sullivan contends that Smith would be elected in 1932 if he could get 473,000 of the votes which went to Hoover in 1928, provided they were properly distributed among the states so as to swell Smith's electoral vote of 88 to the 266 necessary to win. This is an old, old story. Many a sorrowful Democrat seized upon it in the post-election days of 1928 only to drop it like a hot poker when it was pointed out that 105,000 more votes for Hoover, properly distributed among the states, would have given him all the electoral votes there are.

Democrats might match Mr. Sullivan's point by suggesting that Mrs.

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Ruth Hanna McCormick is the likeliest-looking Republican candidate in sight. The fact is that many Republicans would like to see Smith nominated because they consider him the one prominent Democrat Mr. Hoover could certainly defeat. Not that they belittle Smith himself. They simply know that his candidacy would revive the religious issue so advantageous to the Republicans in 1928.

At best, the Sullivan story is mere mathematical juggling. Every one knows that the 1928 election, if it showed anything, showed that the American electorate was misguided enough not to want Smith as President. That was the lesson of the election and, whatever a change of 473,000 votes would or would not have done, it cannot be erased. For that matter, a change of less than 700,000 votes would have elected John W. Davis in 1924 and James M. Cox in 1920. Moreover, a change of 18,467 votes—only 18,467 — properly distributed would have elected Bryan instead of McKinley in 1896. Yet Bryan ran twice thereafter and was twice defeated.

➤➤*In Brief*

"Fall Unfit for Jail, His Doctors State"—newspaper headline. For jail too? . . . . Here's a New Jersey newspaper which went dry 105 years ago and has now turned wet, having presumably had time for careful second thought . . . . While the DO-X is said to have flown the South Atlantic, readers who have followed it since it took off from Switzerland are expecting momentarily to hear the report denied . . . . As we understand the news dispatches from Italy, Arturo Toscanini's passport, which had not been taken away from him, has now been returned . . . . Those who know the power of propinquity will not need to be told that that Negro preacher who talked for twelve consecutive hours is a resident of Washington, D. C. . . . Governor Roosevelt seriously says that there was "nothing political" in his conferences with all the principal politicians of Ohio, which will show you how complete is the Governor's command of his facial muscles . . . . The fact that the Treasury's $800,000,000 bond issue was oversubscribed by $5,200,000,000 indicates the strength of recent arguments against a billion dollar bond issue for a federal public works program, as was recently suggested in these columns and elsewhere.

Why Not Dwight W. Morrow?

What's the matter with the Eastern Republicans? What, in particular, is the matter with Eastern Republican newspaper editors? What prevents them from stating their convictions and asserting their strength? What keeps them standing unhappily by, waiting for the slaughter in the next presidential election?

What every one else sees they see too—be sure of it. They see the signs indicating a smashing Democratic victory in 1932 unless business suddenly and unexpectedly bounds most of the way back. They see that the Administration has fallen out of favor and is falling ever further, first because of the depression, secondly because of prohibition, and thirdly because of such factors as the failure of its farm-relief plans and its approval of the trade-wrecking tariff bill. They see the dry Lucases and Fesses, with whom they have little patience, acting as mahouts for the Republican elephant while it draws the water-wagon of the Anti-Saloon League, with which they have less patience still. They see, finally, that if their national ticket is dry many industrial states of the North and Middle West are likely to go Democratic, not only in the national elections, but in the senatorial, congressional, state and local elections also. They see disaster all down the line.

Yet they stand by miserably as if they were helpless, sure of nothing except that they do not want to vote for a Democrat if they can avoid it. It is not as if they had no man to rally around. They have a crackerjack candidate right at hand. Not in Gifford Pinchot, whose candidacy is a joke, but in Dwight W. Morrow, who was a first-rate Ambassador, is a first-rate Senator and would be a first-rate President. Mr. Morrow, of course, would say that he is not a candidate. What else could he say when the Eastern Republicans who admire him so do nothing to secure his nomination but talk about it—in private conversations, never in public statements? Would they have him destroy his bright political future—he is the probable Republican nominee in 1936—by announcing his candidacy without first having some positive proof of their active and practical support?

Is it some mistaken notion of loyalty that keeps wet Eastern Republicans from organizing for Morrow and going to the convention determined to nominate him if they have to draft him? If so, loyalty to present party leaders should give way to loyalty to the party as a whole and to the country as a whole. With the nation facing some of the most serious problems in its history, such as the business depression and prohibition, with the country vitally dependent on powerful leadership in the national Administration, it is the undeniable duty of each party to nominate the best man available—and the Eastern Republicans are convinced that that man is Morrow. They are convinced, moreover, that the country's problems can best be solved under Republican leadership. Yet, in spite of these convictions, they are making no attempt to provide that leadership.

Granted that it would be difficult to nominate Mr. Morrow; it would certainly not be impossible. Eastern Republicans, combining with like-minded Republicans of the Mid-West, might be surprised to see what they could do for Morrow at the national convention, what sparks of public sentiment they could light, by getting enthusiastically behind their man and resolving to put him over. And granted—though this is not easy to grant—that even a Morrow could not stop the Democratic tide now rolling up overwhelmingly in the great wet states and in lesser degree elsewhere. Even so, would it not be better to lose with the wet Morrow than to lose while standing on the wrong side of the wet-dry issue, and so let prohibition put the Republican party out of the running for a decade or more, as free silver put the Democratic party out from 1896 to 1912?

Western Republicans want the national ticket to be dry. Naturally. They believe a dry ticket will help them to win their local contests and so keep their jobs in and out of Washington. It's their jobs that bother them. Hence they are willing to wreck the party and wreck the jobs of Eastern Republicans to save their own political skins. Yet, knowing all this, Eastern Republicans continue to mope as if they were numb, dumb and incapable of action. Why don't they get going for Morrow? They have the man. They have the money. They have the motive. They have the opportunity. What do they intend to do about it?

The Editors.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR "JIM" COUZENS, in our opinion, and, we imagine, in President Hoover's, is one of the most remarkable members of the United States Senate. He and Mr. Hoover have a great deal in common in that they are practical humanitarians. When Mr. Couzens recently established his Foundation for children, he received from the President as fine a message of congratulation as any man could write. The Senator, on his part, was early an admirer of Mr. Hoover because of the latter's devotion to the general problem of philanthropy and social kindliness. If ever two men ought to get along well, it is these two —the wealthiest member of the Senate and the wealthiest man ever to occupy the White House.

Nevertheless, Mr. Couzens has given Mr. Hoover more discomfort than any of his colleagues. When everybody else was praising Mr. Hoover's efforts on behalf of immediate railroad consolidation, Mr. Couzens alone voiced criticism. Strangely enough, he took his stand on high and humanitarian grounds; he wanted to know where the working man was to benefit from a program of making one locomotive perform the service of two. He wanted to know whether the economies boasted of by the White House would fall upon the employees. So far, and largely because of the Senator's opposition, the plan is no more than a plan, despite the intervention of the President.

Mr. Couzens, we understand, also forced the Department of Justice to take drastic action against the Radio Corporation of America by bringing a suit for dissolution. The action might have been brought in any event, but we happen to know that the Senator, by a few suggestions to Attorney General Mitchell, got the latter to move perhaps more swiftly than he had intended to. Some sort of test of the Radio Corporation's domination of the air was, we imagine, inevitable, but it is largely due to Mr. Couzens' influence at the Department of Justice and with the Federal Radio Commission that the attitude of the government has been considerably stiffened.

If there is one man whom Presidents, Cabinet members and subordinate bureaucrats fear, it is "Jim" Couzens. Having observed his conduct in his feud with Secretary Mellon, they know that he is honest, fearless and independent. They also know that he is willing to spend his fortune of perhaps $50,000,000 in any worthwhile controversy. Indeed, he has expended a great deal of money in engaging outside experts, accountants and research men to develop and tabulate information he needed in these combats.

His adamant refusal to pay the income tax assessment of $10,000,000 levied upon him by Secretary Mellon, and the litigation which resulted, is

Keystone

SENATOR JAMES M. COUZENS

still the classic feud of recent years at the Capital. Mr. Couzens, as usual, won. Ever since that episode there has been an unholy respect felt for him in downtown Washington. Mr. Couzens, to the little fellows at the White House and in the Executive Departments, is popularly known as "the senatorial buzzsaw." He is rapidly getting the same reputation on Capitol Hill. We predict that it will not be long before his worth is recognized for what it is. As chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, he wields as much influence as any of his colleagues, and, what is much more important, he knows how to exercise it most effectively.

His latest venture is his effort to obtain from Attorney General Mitchell an explanation for the latter's conduct in handling the estate of the late Mrs. James J. Hill. The facts are fairly simple. As a private lawyer, Mr. Mitchell drew up two trust funds totalling $16,000,000 within two years of Mrs. Hill's death. But the law provides that trusts or gifts made within two years of death are presumed to be an effort to escape the payment of estate taxes, and therefore not valid. So the government held, and in the district court it won a judgment against the estate. But in the Circuit Court, where no oral arguments were submitted by Uncle Sam's lawyers, the lower court's decision was reversed. This, obviously, left the case to the Supreme Court for final adjudication. By this time Mr. Mitchell was Solicitor General, and the legal adviser for the Department of Justice. What part, if any, he took in the later phases of the litigation is not known, but, in any event, Attorney General Sargent decided not to appeal against the adverse ruling. Even in the face of requests from Secretary Mellon and other governmental officials, he permitted the decision in favor of the Hill estate to stand.

Senator Couzens, although a disinterested party, cannot understand why the Department of Justice was so willing to lose more than $1,000,000 in taxes. He asked the present Attorney General, politely enough, to explain, but the latter gave the Senator a short answer. For the present there may be no further developments, but, we happen to know, Mr. Mitchell's great ambition to sit upon the Supreme Court may never be realized. Even should Mr. Hoover dare to appoint him, we doubt if he will ever be confirmed. Doughty "Jim" Couzens, and his colleagues, block his path to the high tribunal. And Mr. Couzens never forgets or forgives.

There is nothing personal in his attitude. There is no more impersonal person or force on Capitol Hill than the former Mayor of Detroit and partner of Henry Ford. Despite their many set-tos, he frequently plays golf with Mr. Mitchell at the exclusive Burning Tree Country Club outside Washington. He lunches and confers with Mr. Hoover regularly—each still finds something to admire in the other. But, in the public interest, he warns Mr. Mitchell that he is keeping tab of the administration of justice, and he tells the President, quite frankly, that it would be folly for him to name his Attorney General as a candidate for the Supreme Court. A most remarkable man is Mr. Couzens.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Mussolini of Mississippi ◀◀

A Portrait of Governor Bilbo—the Builder

By LOUIS COCHRAN

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A deadlock between Governor and Legislature in Mississippi on disbursement of building funds has stirred unparalleled political strife. Twenty-five hundred lunatics crowd into firetrap quarters originally designed for 1,500, within a few miles of half-completed modern structures, while Governor Bilbo and the Legislature try to decide by bickering who shall direct the expenditures for completion. Meantime, the Governor has gained control of other state boards, including the educational board, and has dismissed faculties wholesale, causing universities in other states to remove Mississippi colleges from their lists of accredited institutions. Here is told the story of the storm center of the bitterest political row in Mississippi history.

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THAT diminutive stick of human dynamite who is now governor of Mississippi has become the storm center of one of the most turbulent periods of politics in the history of the South and because of his energetic and ruthless tactics has been called more names than any other living or dead politician in the annals of a state where politics is played with the bludgeon as in the days of Andrew Jackson.

The speaking cogs of his personal political machine assert that he alone of the two men who have been twice elected governor of Mississippi since Reconstruction days has done more for the improvement of his state and its people than any other man, living or dead. Indeed, they can point with pride to good works by Bilbo the Builder, and to many badly needed public improvements which have been held up or delayed by futile bickering and political controversy.

His opponents call him a demagogue, a Mussolini who has built up a personal political machine resembling a Fascist order, with *ras* or ward heelers in every hamlet. They have accused his followers of grafting. They resent his wholesale dismissals of presidents, deans and professors in the state's higher educational institutions, an act which removed the Mississippi schools from the accredited lists of virtually every school and college in the country. They are outraged at his demand that the legislators pledge that there will be no more investigations or impeachments before he consents to call a final extra session to save the state from the financial morass which threatens it on every side.

They accuse "this little runt" of constant apeing of Napoleon and Mussolini. When Bilbo refers to himself in speeches as "the man Bilbo" they pin a Napoleon complex on him. When Mississippi, under Bilbo's leadership, was the first state to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment, a Jackson newspaper once called him "the puling polecat from Poplarville," Poplarville being his home and the site of his famous pecan orchard. "The little runt" of five feet three inches goes his way unafraid, with a mocking grin on his face, and in the next campaign he will bring out some choice epithets and charges of his own, for whatever other accusations have been made no one has ever accused Bilbo of lack of courage, political resourcefulness, or squeamishness.

For nearly thirty years he has been a perpetual candidate for one office or another, and he knows his state politics inside out. He has been attacked politically and physically, but is still the biggest political boss in Mississippi. Possibly only in Mississippi, where every voter is a white man and every white man is a Democrat, could the rise of this "stormy petrel of politics" be understood, with his penchant for red ties, his vindictive pursuit of real or fancied enemies and his fanatical devotion to his friends. But Mississippi takes its politics seriously, and when a candidate can produce a little color in his otherwise drab makeup the voter from the cotton patch takes to him like a coon dog. Bilbo has plenty of color—even his enemies concede him that—and more than the average allotment of gray matter in his seven and three quarters' cranium.

Born on October 13th, 1877, in Pearl River County, near Poplarville, no one in that vicinity ever thought that this stubby-legged youngster would ever be anything but just another cotton farmer. He was brought up in the Baptist faith, for some years was clerk and secretary of the Bobolochitto Baptist Association, and even preached occasionally. Then he taught in a rural school for two years, and went to Vanderbilt.

"I haven't any patience," he says, "with a boy who claims he can't get an education. Why, I've educated two wives. My first wife, before she died in 1900, was with me at Nashville, and in 1905 I went back with the second Mrs. Bilbo. I never had any money either."

In 1903 Bilbo actively entered politics, and suffered his first defeat in a contest for Circuit Clerk of Pearl River County. In his second campaign, this time a race for the State Senate, in 1907, he was opposed by a prominent lawyer of the district, and it had been mutually agreed that both candidates would travel together to save expenses. It is told that, somehow, the opposing brethren failed to meet for the first appointment and Bilbo found himself at the speaking place before his opponent.

BILBO AND HIS BOOKS

Education has caused a row in Mississippi. First the Governor wanted a ten-million-dollar plant to print school text books, and then he adapted a political "spoils system" to the state's colleges

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Having heard that he had preached, the more devout of the voters insisted on at least a tune, and fingering the keys of the little church organ the future political boss of the state graciously led them in one of the old-time Baptist favorites:

Lord, lift me up and let me stand
By faith on Heaven's table land
A higher plane than I have found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

Thus it was when Candidate Dent finally rode up he found that the voters had already capitulated to this teacher-preacher-lawyer-singer who could play an organ and lead in religious songs. Naturally, it was more than a little difficult to compete against such a candidate, and Theodore G. Bilbo was elected to his first office, an easy victor.

James K. Vardaman, the "Great White Chief," as his followers loved to call him, was then the undisputed master of Mississippi politics. In 1910 the Legislature had taken fifty-six days to elect Leroy Percy as United States Senator over Vardaman, and two nights later the defeated sachem stood on the stage of a Jackson theatre and publicly charged that the election had been bought by corruption, graft and undue influence. The Grand Jury later made known the charge that shook the state and made Bilbo famous. Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, it was proclaimed, had confessed to accepting a bribe of $645 to change his vote from Vardaman to Percy, and the storm broke.

"I've uncovered a bribery charge involving a United States Senator," Bilbo declared. "Here's the money I was paid to change my vote. I laid this trap and I caught them."

Vardaman rallied to Bilbo's defense and factionalism flamed. Twenty-eight Senators voted to remove him from the Senate after an investigation; fifteen were opposed, and the ouster movement failed, as a two-thirds vote was necessary. That night his enemies came back with this resolution, which passed:

Resolved, in view of the unexplained inconsistencies and inherent improbabilities in the testimony of Senator Bilbo, his established bad character and lack of credibility, that the Senate of Mississippi does hereby condemn his entire bribery charge and his statement of any material point by any of the reputable witnesses introduced by him; that the Senate of Mississippi does hereby condemn his entire bribery charge and his statement of the role he played as detective and decoy as a trumped-up falsehood, utterly unworthy of belief.

Resolved, further, that as a result of the conduct of Theodore G. Bilbo in this matter and the testimony introduced in this investigation the Senate pronounces said Bilbo as unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body, and is hereby asked to resign.

The question was voted into the Senate Journal by a vote of twenty-five ayes to one nay, nineteen Senators being absent or not voting. Four years later with Bilbo presiding in the same chamber as Lieutenant-Governor this resolution was expunged from the records.

The factional flames fanned by this fratricidal strife among the Democrats spread to every corner of the state with Bilbo running for the office of Lieutenant-Governor and posing as martyr for the rights of the plain people as against the secret caucus. He was making some headway, though the majority of the people still regarded him mainly as a trouble maker, when he was assaulted by John Henry of Starkville, because of alleged slanderous remarks, and beaten over the face with the butt of a pistol. This attack completely won the sympathy of the plain people, and candidate-martyr Bilbo was elected Lieutenant-Governor.

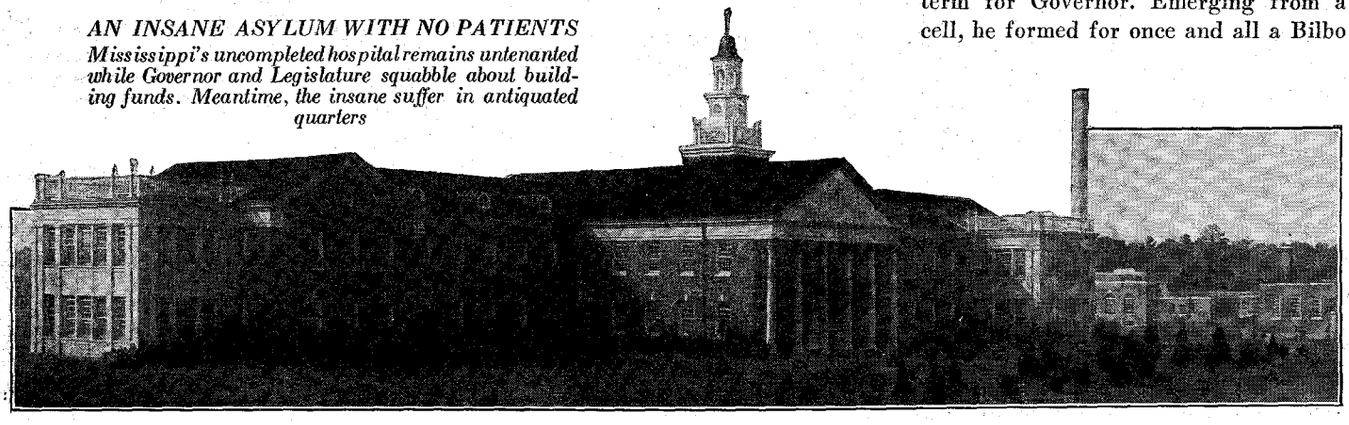
Already definitely aligned with the forces of the "Great White Chief," and identified in the minds of the masses as the enemy of the secret caucus, it was but a step to the Governor's chair, and in 1916 the man who had been publicly branded by his fellows as "unfit to sit with honest men" was elected Chief Executive. Bilbo made a good war governor. Upon his record his friends coined the slogan "Bilbo the Builder," which was to help sweep him again into the Governor's chair in 1927. A tubercular sanatorium, one of the finest in the South, had been established in the piney woods near Magee; the old Capitol Building, sacred to the memory of Jefferson Davis, L. Q. C. Lamar, J. Z. George, Walthall and Prentiss, was restored; public hangings were stopped; the pensions of Confederate soldiers were increased; dormitories were added to the Old Soldiers' Home; lime-crushing plants were established, and, greatest of all, tick eradication was begun. Bilbo had courage then, as he has now, and perhaps his vision was less clouded with the bitterness of years, for he must have known that his approval of the tick eradication bill meant, for the time being, political suicide. But he signed the bill.

With the completion of his first term as Governor, being unable by law to succeed himself, he announced for Congress from his home district and was disastrously defeated, his opponent running on an "anti-tick, anti-dipping vat" platform and carrying sixteen out of the seventeen counties.

James K. Vardaman was gradually stepping out of the picture and Theodore G. Bilbo was taking his master's place as idol of the masses. Vardaman ran for the Senate and was elected, to be named by President Wilson as one of the "wilful twelve." He ran again, and was defeated. Bilbo was the logical man to take his place in the affections of the hornyhanded sons of toil, and his instinct for the dramatic, more unerring than Vardaman's, was invaluable.

Bilbo's protege, Lee M. Russell, his Lieutenant-Governor, was elected as his successor, and then there was a misunderstanding. Russell was on trial, while yet Governor, in a damage suit for seduction. Bilbo was called by the plaintiff as one of the material witnesses. Refusing to testify, he was sent to jail. After ten days of martyrdom, the sentence was remitted, and Bilbo walked from the jail to begin his one-hundred-day campaign for a second term for Governor. Emerging from a cell, he formed for once and all a Bilbo

AN INSANE ASYLUM WITH NO PATIENTS
Mississippi's uncompleted hospital remains untenanted while Governor and Legislature squabble about building funds. Meantime, the insane suffer in antiquated quarters



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Party within the ranks of Mississippi Democracy which has grown stronger with the years, and was defeated in the second primary by a narrow margin.

With this defeat the Anti-Bilboites buried Theodore in effigy and raised loud hosannas over his supposed remains. The state was redeemed, they thought, but they had not reckoned with their man. He moved to Jackson, established the *Free Lance*, a weekly political organ, and sent the paper to every voter in the state who would take it, whether the subscription was paid or not. His henchmen were organized everywhere and in 1926 he launched his third race for Governor. When the final votes were counted "Theodore G. Bilbo and the plain people" had again triumphed over the "trusts and the aristocrats" and Bilbo had the distinction of being the only Governor, except Stone, to be twice elected governor of the state since Reconstruction days.

During the 1927 campaign Bilbo had pushed the battle into every hamlet and precinct of the state, carrying a couple of school books in one hand and a vitrified brick in the other. "Down with the book trusts," he cried. "Let Mississippi print its own school books for the use of its children. Let the state establish a state printing plant, and use books written by Mississippi educators . . . . Let us throttle this octopus which has fattened for so long upon the vitals of the poor!"

Then he would extol his good roads scheme . . . . "Mississippi must be pulled out of the mud. Let us issue a $60,000,000 bond issue, establish our own brick kilns and make vitrified bricks out of our own red clay and pave our roads. We can wear the bricks on one side for fifty years; turn them over and wear them for fifty more, and then stand them on end and use them forever." The voters yelled themselves hoarse for "the man Bilbo." Not that they knew or cared anything about a book trust, or vitrified brick. If Bilbo said there was a book trust, there was; if Bilbo said to issue $60,000,000 in bonds, it was right. They voted for the man with his flaming red tie, his impudent, mocking grin, and his flamboyant magnetism. They would have voted for him if he had advocated secession from the Union.

But Bilbo construed his election as approval of his policies and when he found the House of Representatives against him he spared no effort to put them through. The State Printing Plant bill was introduced in the House, only to be killed. Again and again his good roads bills were laid in the hopper only to be trampled to death. The legislature was willing enough to pass a good roads bill. Everybody agreed that Mississippi had the poorest roads in the Union, and both houses finally passed a bill providing for a bond issue of eighty million dollars for roads, but the House of Representatives would not see Bilbo entrusted with the expenditure of that

BOSS OF MISSISSIPPI
They call him many names, but he holds the power

amount of money. Bilbo insisted that whatever commissioners spent the money would be appointed by him. Upon that rock the ship of state floundered through the weary months of the two regular legislative sessions and two special sessions. The Senate was more servile. That august body danced to the Governor's fiddle whenever he willed and even passed repeatedly his printing plant bill, but to no purpose. The House was adamant.

Then started an orgy of investigations without precedent in the history of the state. A pro-Bilbo committee from the Senate, an anti-Bilbo committee from the House, met daily and filed charges and counter-charges. Articles of impeachment were voted against Attorney-General Rush Knox, who resigned rather than face certain impeachment at the hands of Bilbo's friends in the Senate; Bura Hilbun, warm personal friend of the Governor and Director of the Rosenwald Educational Fund for Negro schools, was indicted, and resigned under fire. The old Board of Road Commissioners began to be investigated, and some of them resigned; the records of the Secretary of State for fifty years back were pawed over by the Governor's emissaries, hoping there to find disgruntling evidence for his enemies to digest.

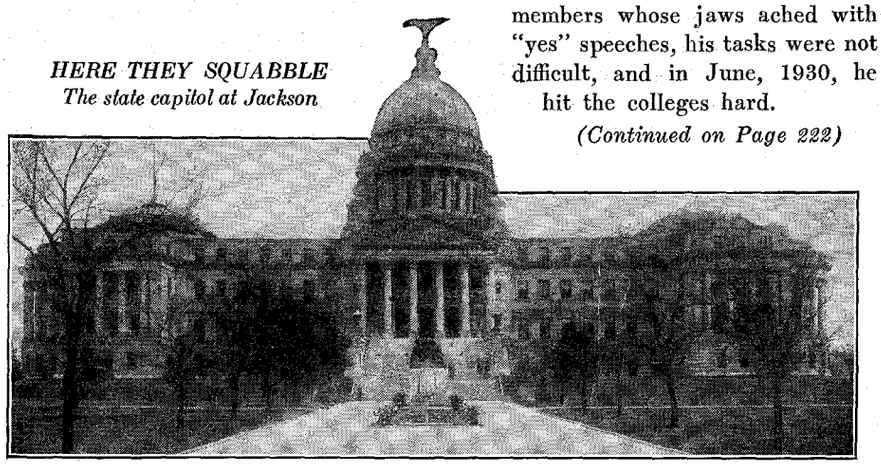
The final stroke of the Governor's enemies was the impeachment articles voted against Lester C. Franklin, Chairman of the State Tax Commission, appointed by Bilbo to that office from the police judgeship of Clarksdale, on charges that he took a part in an alleged eighty-thousand-dollar "shakedown" of Warren Brothers, a Boston paving concern. For once the people of Mississippi had their love of dramatics feted to satiation by the disclosures and near-disclosures of this triple-angled mystery. The cry went up for Franklin to resign.

"If Lester C. Franklin resigns, I'll give him the gun to kill himself!" said the Governor, and he threw to him all possible support. But the Senate acquitted Franklin by the vote of twenty-two to twenty-six.

Then began a fearful vengeance, or perhaps it was merely the ruthless allotment to the faithful of the fruits of victory. Theodore had ever been a stickler for loyalty to his friends. He had now secured control of the Board of Trustees of the University, the Agricultural and Mechanical College, the Mississippi State College for Women and the State Teachers' College, and woe betide the teacher, whatever his qualifications, his length of service, or abilities, if he had in the past breathed against the Mussolini of Mississippi, or if he stood in the way of a reward to a friend. With subservient board members whose jaws ached with "yes" speeches, his tasks were not difficult, and in June, 1930, he hit the colleges hard.

(Continued on Page 222)

HERE THEY SQUABBLE
The state capitol at Jackson



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▶▶ Hope for Hollywood ◀◀

By JOSEPH LILLY

THOUGH prudence suggests that it is wiser not to speak of the future of the American motion pictures glibly or with too much pretension of definiteness, still, after a season in Hollywood, I rise to analyze the situation developing there as one out of which an abundance of worth-while entertainment is to come on some soon tomorrow. There is, I am convinced, hope for Hollywood.

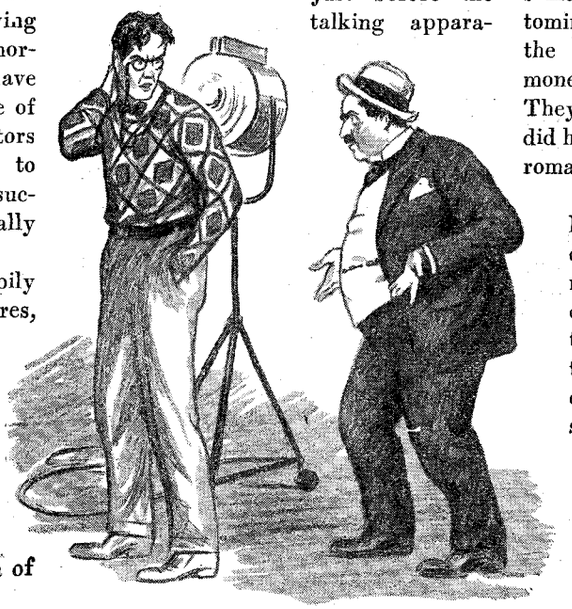
This conviction rests less upon the situation as it prevails there today and more upon the situation now evolving that must prevail on some soon tomorrow. Since economic determinants have their own way of shaping the course of events, we may expect that the factors in profit-and-loss, just beginning to show themselves most conducive to success, will be adopted quite generally once they are more apparent.

The factors I speak of are, happily enough, all in favor of good pictures, and by "good" pictures I mean those which an intelligent person would consider worth spending an evening to see. The good pictures are, peculiarly, the most profitable pictures by and large not from the standpoint of gross receipts, but of the net profit after the cost of production, exploitation and pro rata of overhead have been deducted.

At this moment the motion picture industry, like our other industries, is in a bad way, and any data bearing on profit and loss is eagerly examined by the financial men who are coming into control, and, of course, by the old-fashioned production managers who must meet the demands of men not accustomed to the profligate tossing away of millions which, perhaps even more than its scandals, has distinguished Hollywood in the past.

The first and the dominant factor is the attitude of the public. The reports to Hollywood are that the "fad" aspect of the speaking picture has passed. Nearly all of the surviving individual star actors and actresses of the old silent films have now appeared before their public and the millions who had wondered, not what they would say, but how they would say it, have been gratified. Every one has become familiar with the articulate shadow and curiosity is gone. With the curiosity dissipated, attendance has fallen and though the industrial depression undoubtedly keeps many of the impoverished out of the theatres, still the Hollywood magnates gloomily say that the lack of employment does not account for it all. Indeed, there should be a closer balance between unemployment and attendance: those out of work have time to attend when they have money, and most every one has had money enough for a movie when he hasn't had enough to eat or to wear.

The uncomfortable truth is that the great public is bored by the talkies! Though it is not generally known, this unpleasant situation arose once before, just before the talking apparatus was improved to the extent that it could be used. Indeed, when the talkies were introduced they came as a life-saver; had they been delayed much longer Hollywood would have been in metaphorical ashes and hundreds of actresses would have been back in their rural homes, waiting table in restaurants and selling cigars to the drummers in the leading hotels. Attendance had fallen off very sharply, no doubt due somewhat to the competition of the radio, but principally for other reasons beyond the ken of the wisest of the movie magnates, long schooled in catching the roving eye of the public. What is worrying the more unimaginative of these industrialists as the depression continues is whether some other windfall will arrive to succor them again.



"Well, why aren't you writing?"

The smarter, however, notably such men as B. P. Schulberg, the production chief of Paramount Publix, are not waiting to see what the wind will blow in. They are examining beyond the detail of the attendance figures, the reports of their sales directors and the complaints of their house managers. And what they are finding out is this: Though a bad silent picture was terrible, a bad talkie is worse. I believe that a psychological clinical test would bear this out. The more sensitive of us winced through silent pictures that held the slower-witted spellbound; those who didn't wish to watch the picture unfold could, if they chose, close their eyes and listen to the music; they could even go to sleep, lulled by the orchestra. But even the moron is repelled by the flapdoodle of the bulk of the current talkies. The same stories that they licked up in pantomime now send them bellowing into the streets, vowing never to spend money again to listen to such bilge. They know how people talk, even if they did have to learn the dynamic motions of romantic love.

Incidentally, as an observer of life this interests me as much as it does the movie magnates who have millions to lose. It shows, I conclude, that the millions who, so we thought, were using their imaginations to fathom the unheard words of the silent actors, were doing no such thing, and, if they were, that their imaginations were very faulty. Had their imaginations functioned well they would have heard the clatter that now drives them from the box-office. But, however that may be, attendance has fallen woefully, and with its decrease has come a singular change in the sources of revenue. In the more prosperous days the big profit used to come from the smaller towns, the middling cities, the villages. The big cities paid the enormous costs of production, and often not much more. Now the dwindling profit comes from the "key" cities, perhaps the fifteen largest in the country. It is smaller profit, too, but, to those interested in the talking motion picture as adult entertainment, the significance is way beyond the monetary factor.

This is that the pictures which draw the best in the "key" cities are the best from the artistic point of view. On the whole, also, these pictures cost less to produce than the more flamboyant type, since they make less use of the numerous, large and costly sets, and of crowd scenes. At first blush this would seem to solve their problem neatly for the producers: all they must do to revive their bank balances is to produce artistic pictures at little cost, let the villages and small towns go to the devil, and, like the stage, depend upon the cities. Upon second thought this is what makes it so difficult.

Good pictures may be the cheapest to

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produce, but not the easiest. The good pictures so far produced are, almost without exception, the product primarily of one creative brain. The poor pictures are the products of the Hollywood scenario factories, and I say factories advisedly. The great bulk of American pictures have been produced by the "conference method," the chop-suey of many cooks, not the homogeneous idea of one man.

For instance, one of the production managers has a notion that it would be well (or, swell) to produce a picture about gang life, or about an artist in Bohemia, or an American tourist in Paris. He calls in an associate or a subordinate and tells him. This person is usually agreeable and voluble: he adds a few suggestions in elaboration: if it is about an artist in Bohemia there should be a great snowstorm scene; if it is about the tourist the drama must be laid in the peep shows of Paris (imagine what that offers!). A director is called in for an opinion, which, nine times out of ten, he gives in enthusiastic affirmation, outlining a few spectacular scenes.

At this point the scenario writer is called in. He may sit in a conference of these three—the production manager, his associate and the director—or merely with one of them. He is given this fragment and told to go away and boil the pot. His manuscript is hacked and revised, fitted and re-fitted, always, of course, revolving around the eternal triangle of Hollywood, which is not the triangle of scandal, but the immortal drama of hero (young), girl (young and beautiful), and menace (villain).

Occasionally something quite fine is evolved, as patrons of the movies know, but it is the exception, and the exceptions are far apart. It is so rare that the producers are trying to discard it as fast as they can. The trouble is that they do not know how to change the system. But the fact is that they must learn. Meantime, they have a makeshift, and it is proving not only of great value, but it is also demonstrating the point I wish to make. That is, the best talking pictures, like the best of any other art, are the product of a creator who was moved in his own way to create. I cite, as examples, the picturizations of "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Journey's End," "Holiday," "Let Us Be Gay," "Romance," etc. Each of these pictures was a very fair transcript, several of them literal transcripts, of the play or novel from which they were adapted. They were, of course, expertly adapted, excellently directed and acted, and well produced. I think that these, and a few more that might be added, prove the contention.

Now for the second point: to make more like them how are the movies to get the stories? Must they wait for a novel to be hatched, submitted to a dozen publishers, printed and finally proved a success? Must they wait for Broadway producers to put on the stage and demonstrate the dramatic worth and public appeal of a play? At the moment they must wait, but the wait is costly. And here is where other economic factors enter. All of the sizable studios have under contract an extremely large number of actresses, actors and directors, all very highly paid, and, in addition, they have large plants, technical equipment and technicians who must be fairly constantly employed if the studios, as business propositions, are to make their way. It is expensive to maintain in idleness a score of actors, actresses and directors, drawing several thousands of dollars each every week. To keep them producing stories must be supplied, and good stories being available only to the extent that novelists and playwrights produce ones that are capable of movie-adaptation, poorer stories must be used.

The solution here, of course, is to discontinue the period-contract system; not to employ an actor over a period of three years and then try to manufacture stories to suit the characterization in which he establishes himself first, but to do as the theatrical producers do—employ them as they are needed; and directors, likewise. This already is under way in a modified form with all except the biggest stars. By "biggest stars" I do not mean the best actors, but those who have been built up by skillful exploitation to command the biggest public. The companies have invested too much in those whom Hollywood designates as the "biggest stars" to lend them to a competing producer for a particular play. Those whose fan mail is much smaller, however, are being lent more and more.

The probability is that the "biggest stars" will dim considerably, as they

(Continued on Page 210)

The Hollywood Conference produces a moving picture

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Refugees of Industry

By WEIMAR JONES

IT IS spring in the southeastern states, on almost any highway leading from an industrial center or a mill town; every day the road is cluttered with people. They are small farmers, most of them tenants, turned mill workers. A few ride in dilapidated automobiles; but more walk and beg rides of passersby. There is no money for transportation, so they ride when they can and walk when they must.

Men predominate, of course; their hope is that they will be able to send for their families later. But there are not a few women and children. Many of the children cry as the hot pavement blisters their feet, but the women trudge along stoically, with never a look to the side and rarely a word. They are all headed in the same direction—away from the towns. They are going back to the farm.

"Times is hard, and we aim to put in a crop if we can get back. You can always make something to eat on the farm."

Is this exodus from town to farm in the southeast marking the beginning of a new trend in American life? Of more immediate significance, does it point the way to the solution of the vexing problem of unemployment in the cities, and to the multiplication of the difficulties of rehabilitating American farm life? In the light of a widespread unemployment, an examination of what has occurred in a few states, and of the economic and psychological factors, seems warranted.

There is always the land to go back to—the old, sure refuge. When jobs in the city become scarce or almost non-existent, as they did in the southeast, when the mills "shut down," one can always go back to the soil. It is a grim, stern mother; it demands long hours of back-breaking toil. But the land can always be made to yield bread and fat-back and a few vegetables, or nearly always.

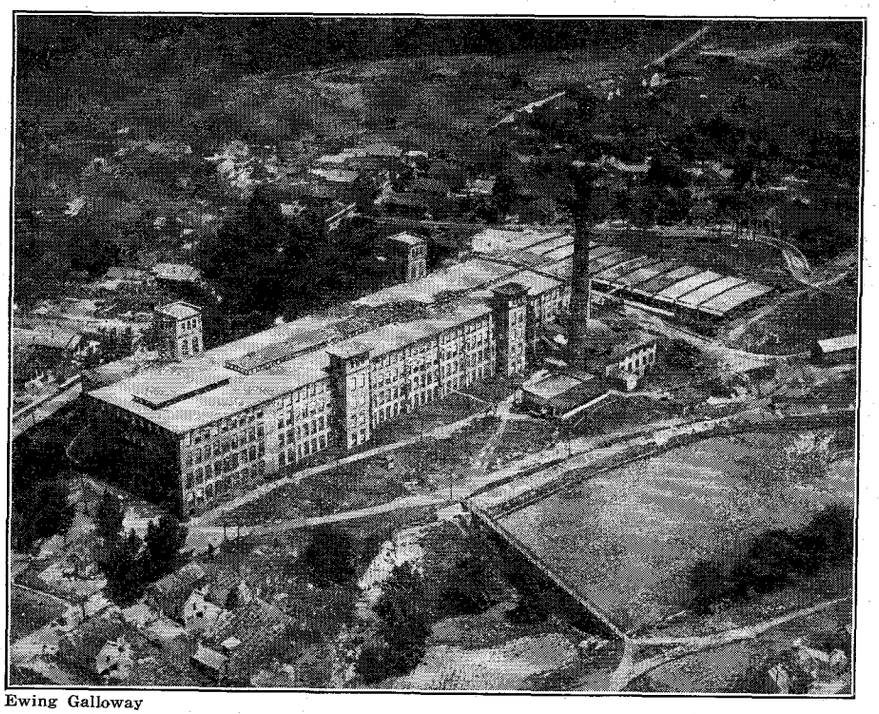
They came from the farms, these back-to-the-land tenant-mill workers, lured to the mills by fabulous offers of ten or twelve or even fifteen dollars a week, by tales of running water and electric lights in the houses, by the sheer desire for change from the deadening monotony of the life of a tenant farmer in the south. Driven by industrial curtailment, by wage cuts and strikes, and by unemployment, back to the farms they went by the thousands—disillusioned. While government commissions met and experts ponderously twiddled their thumbs, these tenant farmers, post-graduates of the mills, applied the only really practical remedy that has yet been brought to bear on the unemployment situation. Without any thought of helping to solve a national problem, they lessened industrial joblessness by taking themselves away from the mills and the towns and back to the farms to earn, not money, but bread and meat for themselves and their families. What happened to them is not pleasant to contemplate.

It wasn't easy. Hands accustomed to feeding a loom found the plough handles rough indeed; muscles unused to digging in the ground ached and rebelled during the long, hot spring days. It wasn't easy; but they went through with it, not because they wished but because they had to. It was that or starve. They plowed, planted, cultivated, and hoped for big crops. They put in gardens for summer vegetables, the surplus to be saved for winter use; they planted corn for bread, and to feed a hog for winter fat-back. A few were fortunate enough to manage to get a cow to provide milk and butter. And as their crops grew, hope returned. Perhaps life wasn't so hard after all. At least they would eat when winter came.

Then came last July—and the drought! Day after day a blazing sun sucked the moisture out of the soil, and day after day the sky remained maddeningly blue. Stunned—inarticulate, as ever—they watched their gardens, summer food and winter's supplies, parched to a crisp. July stretched into August, and still no rain. The corn tasselled; then it began to twist and turn yellow. It made ears, with shuck, silk, and cob, as corn always does. But that was all. When the leaves of the plant died and the silk, turning black, indicated maturity, underneath the shuck was a cob—mere ridges showed where the grains would have been had the ground been moist; at best, the tenant harvested a few nubbins. And the corn was not only to have been bread; it was to have been fat-back, too!

All the crops in the southeast, to be sure, were not destroyed by the drought. In most sections the best farmers made poor-to-fair food and feed crops. But, with rare exceptions, these back-to-the-farm farmers were hard hit. They returned to the land too late to get their seed in the soil early; and they lacked fertilizer to push the crops to near-maturity before the drought struck. So, with the last winter at hand, this American peasantry was disillusioned once more. Even the land, the old, sure refuge of mankind, betrayed them! Hundreds, perhaps thousands, faced slow starvation. But, of course, we didn't call it that; we have a politer name. The diagnosis will be "pellagra."

There is the Hoover drought commission, of course; but it is an undoubted fact that it knows nothing of these tenants. The explanation is not



Ewing Galloway

THE MILL IS LOSING ITS GRIP

Industrial depression has shattered the illusions of the mill hand who was lured to the factory by the promise of regular wages and material comforts

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far to seek: the tenant who went back to the soil operates on too small a scale for Uncle Sam to know about; he is not the type the government can easily catalogue and pigeonhole as thus and so; and, besides, he is inarticulate. He has never received any particular recognition; he doesn't expect it now. As a tenant, before he left the farm, he existed and nothing more; as a mill worker, he labored that he might eat and sleep, and ate and slept that he might work. And today, without food or employment, he is still inarticulate.

The government will know that he exists; learn that he went back to the farm; know why he went back and what happened to him there—a year or two hence. But perhaps it is too much to expect that it should know about him now; the loss of his crops was of no great magnitude in dollars and cents. It is easy to observe that thousands of acres last summer were ruined; it is difficult and tedious to observe what happened to some tenant's patch. It will know about it in time; and explain an alarming increase in the death rate from pellagra in terms of what took place in 1930 and early 1931, an increase already showing itself.

How widespread or how large was the movement back to the farm in 1930 is difficult to determine. The tenant mill worker is not the card-index type; we had barely realized that he had left the farms for the mills when some thousands in the southeast started back again. The trend was sufficiently marked, however, to have been observed if not measured. It attracted the attention of agricultural authorities in seven states in the southeast; the migration itself could hardly escape notice, and the increased acreage planted to food and feed crops—bread and fat-back—was indicative. The trek was perhaps best described in the cautious language of the Fifth Federal Reserve District Bank, Richmond, Virginia, in an issue of its monthly review:

"Several correspondents report some movement of unskilled workers back to the farms, many of whom will become tenant farmers and be able to make a living at least while there is little or no demand for their labor in cities. These people have little money with which to buy manufactured goods, but they can secure the necessities of life for themselves and families."

That observation was written before the drought of 1930.

Farm statisticians and commissioners of agriculture agree that the movement was general in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee. It seems to have spent its force about the center of Alabama, to the south, and

Ewing Galloway

BACK TO THE LAND

On his farm the erstwhile mill worker can at least obtain food in return for his labor

in Kentucky, to the north. In North Carolina Frank Parker, farm statistician, observed evidences of the trend all over the state. He also noted a general acreage increase of about one per cent —significant in the light of a ten-per-cent decrease in the acreage planted to cotton, a North Carolina staple. Most of the increase in land under cultivation, he found, was planted to food and feed crops—the back-to-the-farm farmers' bread, vegetables, and fat-back. He estimates that 75 per cent of those returning were white persons, and that 90 per cent returned as tenants.

In Virginia the movement was general over the entire state but more so in the tobacco section, according to John A. Hicks, agricultural statistician in that state. (What effect this might have had on the season's low tobacco prices on the Virginia markets is a matter the Federal Farm Board might find a subject for interesting conjecture.) Virginia's estimated acreage increase in the spring of 1930 was two per cent. Similar observations were made by S. F. Marsh and Frank O. Black, state statisticians of Tennessee and South Carolina, respectively. Eugene Talmadge, Georgia commissioner of agriculture, was the only official who would hazard even a guess at the number returning to the land last spring; he estimates that the number in Georgia was 2,000. Assuming that his estimate is correct and representative, those who went back to the farms in the seven states would number approximately 12,000. As a matter of fact, however, it seems pretty safe to say that he was ultra-conservative, as officials are inclined to be in matters of this kind. There are a number of reasons why this is probable. In the first place, a movement back to the farms of seven states of only 12,000 tenants would scarcely attract attention. In the second place, that small a number would hardly account for acreage increases in a year when acreage planted to staples was decreased. And, finally, the estimate appears unduly low when it is compared with the average of 12,000 per year per state who have been leaving the farms for the towns during the last twenty years.

Thirty thousand, or even fifty thousand, probably would be a conservative figure. If 50,000, or 30,000, or even 10,000, persons returned to the farms in 1930, it is significant. It is, certainly, from their standpoint, in the light of the drought and unemployment; and the migration of that large a number in a single section of the country is sufficient at least to hint at a possible future trend.

The movement and the present plight of these back-to-the-farmers give rise to some pertinent questions. Where will these tenants go now? Will they stay on the land or will they drift back to the towns and cities? At first thought, it seems apparent that they would be so disheartened by their crop failures last summer that they would waste no time in leaving the land—forever. But the answer isn't as simple as that. Jobs are little, if any, more plentiful than they were in 1930. And, besides, once a man

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has dug in the soil, he is forever after an incurable optimist. Next year is always going to be a better crop year; next season prices surely will be good; the year ahead may even be that phenomenal one American agriculture dreams of—a season when bumper crops bring top prices!

Some of them will go back to the towns. Some have already become tramps. But most of them probably will remain on the land, chiefly because there isn't any other place to go. And if they stay, next year they won't be satisfied with mere bread and fat-back planting. They've worked in the mills long enough to acquire the habit of handling money. This year they will plant money crops—cotton, tobacco. How much it will increase the yield is problematical; that it will increase it is certain. And what can the Farm Board, striving valiantly to reduce production, do about it? For there isn't any law—yet—to prevent a man from farming.

United States Department of Agriculture statistics show a steady slowing up in the drift from farm to city. That decline has been particularly marked in very recent years. The Department even suggests that the figures indicate that the drift is about to lose its momentum. Is it possible that what was observed this year only in the southeast is the beginning of a national trend, the reverse of that which has been in progress during the past two decades? If present conditions of unemployment continue, it is quite possible that 1931 will see not a few thousands but hundreds of thousands turn their backs on the towns to try to dig out of the earth what they can't earn in the industrial centers. The land is always there to go back to, and towns and cities in the United States contain some 12,000,000 persons reared on the farm. The soil, with its deep-seated appeal as a sure and familiar refuge, is tugging at them, just as it did in the southeast.

The reason the drift—if drift it is—started in the southeastern states is apparent. That section was industrialized last, and the back-to-the-farm movement occurred only in the industrial states of the South. Many of those in the cotton mills had left the farms only a year or two years or possibly three years before; the feeling of security on the land was still vivid with them. A trend from factory to farm naturally would occur last, other things being equal, in those regions longest industrialized. Given continued unemployment, with its power to push workers out of the towns, plus the pull back to the land, and the result seems inevitable. The magnitude of the result will be simply a question of the strength of the two forces, and of how soon they spend themselves.

A nation-wide back-to-the-farm movement—if one is to take the word of the Federal Farm Board for it—would prove just about fatal to American farming, but it might be just the solution of immediate problems for groping industry. Sufficiently sustained, it would tend to solve the unemployment riddle by relieving labor congestion in the towns; and it would end labor troubles by forcing wages upwards in conformity with supply and demand. That it would be a temporary solution is, of course, quite obvious, but depressed industry isn't noted for being farsighted.

Farming and industry, two opposing ways of life, have been in conflict in America for a century and a half, and industry has prospered—invariably at the expense of agriculture. Like buckets suspended on opposite ends of a chain in a well, as one has come up the other inevitably has gone down. Will industry, in the present business crisis, through economic pressure, force a solution of its present problems by just such a method as this? In the light of American history, it is easily conceivable. Is it possible that back-to-the-farmers, pawns in the play of economic forces, may rush back to the land by the hundreds of thousands, nullifying the government's efforts—already dangerously tardy—to keep the farm what they think it, the old, sure refuge? This year may yield the answer.

Hope for Hollywood

(Continued from Page 207)

already have done because, with exceptions, the good, artistic pictures of which I have spoken have been produced mostly with actors drawn from the Broadway stage, whose names, though commanding attention in New York, were utterly unknown to the movie public, and thus the overhead will be reduced. There always will be a considerable number of these "stars," nevertheless, actors whose names, whose personalities, are more worthy than any picture they appear in. This has been true of the stage, and the facts will show that some of the most highly regarded Thespians invariably appeared in poor plays, sometimes because their personal taste was poor, sometimes because they realized that they showed off best in a play less powerful in its own right. Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse are two conspicuous examples. Their appearances in really good plays were comparatively few.

So much for the reduction of overhead now under way in the studios and rapidly being accelerated as the financial pinch becomes more acute. Now as to getting good scenarios at first hand. Every dramatic writer must suffer aches over the movies. To him, here is a medium so new as to have no insuperable precedents, of such tremendous power as to be worth his very best effort, which he, if he has power, can mold in a strong and worthwhile way. The Europeans, notably the Russians, have shown the world what glorious opportunities for articulation there is in the camera. To add to its power the undiminished value of words is to open up a fresh world. George Bernard Shaw is one who sees it, and, having also seen some of the few good talkies already produced, he has announced that he will allow his most recent play to be filmed. This is merely symptomatic. No writer of lesser stature than Shaw would dare to welcome the talkies so openly at this time. When Shaw writes a play it is produced as he writes it and according to his stage directions. You can bet and win that when he authorizes Hollywood to film his play he will be accorded the identical last word.

Other writers, equal, perhaps, in dramatic power, know that at this moment they would not fare so well. Dramatists who write plays with one eye and a half on the movie adaptation are, perhaps without exception, second-raters. Nevertheless, you may notice that they do not write directly for the

This Week's Contributors

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Weimar Jones is a member of the editorial staff of the Asheville [N. C.] *Times* and an authority on the South.

George Trevor, the OUTLOOK'S regular contributor on sports, is a reporter on the staff of the New York *Sun*. Mr. Trevor also contributes sports articles to various magazines. He is a graduate of Yale.

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studio; that they do not submit a scenario to a film editor. Nor, for that matter, does any one else except old maids and office boys and the few professional scenarists in Hollywood who, at one time or another, have been employed under contract in most of the Hollywood studios.

The action of Shaw, which I believe to be symptomatic, will, much sooner than may generally be expected, lead to the realization of the second point which I wish to make: it is that first-class writers, with a knowledge of the camera's possibilities, with an eye to the effect of mass and line as well as "stage business," will write directly for the studios. Writers will arise, great writers, whose first and last concern is with the picture; to whom the stage will be inadequate. They will be artists of the stature of Shaw and of O'Neill. They will not hire out for three months to try to make movie drama out of any half-baked notion that some ex-buttonhole-maker has conceived; they will not punch a time clock upon arriving at a studio in the morning and punch it again upon leaving in the evening after eight hours of "work"—no more, no less.

The current status of the writer in Hollywood, despite the occasional ballyhoo about one of them, is well illustrated by an anecdote told of one of the more powerful executives. Having been given an assignment, this writer had fled into the "yard" of the studio lot to gather his wits. He was wandering about, hoping to bump into an idea, when the producer, whom we shall call Mr. Hitler, approached him. Mr. Hitler did not happen to know this one of his many writers, so, first introducing himself, he asked the stranger who he might be and what he meant by loafing about in the yard.

"Why," said the writer, "I'm a writer."

"A writer!" stormed Mr. Hitler. "Then why aren't you writing?"

Though typical in a way this amusing anecdote is hardly fair to most of the Hollywood producers. They are faced with the difficulty of getting a profit out of the actors they have been clever enough to build into stars, of keeping their plants occupied, and, to a disastrous degree, even keeping new pictures en route to the strings of theatres owned by their corporations. That a really good picture ever is made by the studios responsible for theatre-chains is to be marvelled at. And, happily enough, when a good one does come forth and it meets with artistic approval from responsible critics they are more pleased, if my observation means anything, than when a poorer picture produces a bigger gross at the box office. Of course, their opportunities to express this preference are few enough. If the artistic successes predominated over the purely box-office successes their attitude, no doubt, would be quite different.

As their profits diminish just now, however, they would give a great deal to any one who could install a system that would bring to them stories capable of being made into good movies. But able writers who itch to see what they could do with a free hand in the movies are deterred, as they have been for years, by the failure to get any response in Hollywood. Every professional writer knows that to submit an original idea to Hollywood, unsolicited by one of the dominant executives, is not only so much wasted effort, but so much temptation to the unscrupulous.

It is not the producers who would filch the best parts of their scenarios. The producers are willing, even anxious, to pay tremendous sums for good stories. But their subordinates, the scenario editors, are a pack of ravening wolves, who steal and combine, combine and steal. But they get into very little trouble because they are experts in disguising an idea, and the ideas they steal are altogether those of old maids and stenographers utterly unknown to the writing world, whose protest wouldn't be worth bothering about.

But, to recapitulate, this will change, and change soon. The economics of the situation demands it, and there is only one way of getting worth-while creative ideas, and that is in the way of publishers and stage producers who do not give novelists a point of view to look from, nor playwrights a piece of a plot to become dramatic about. Schulberg, I believe, will lead the way.

Of course, I do not mean to predict that there will be a surfeit of good movies. But I daresay there will be a bigger proportion of good ones than the ratio of worth-while plays produced on Broadway. As an ex-third-string dramatic critic on New York dailies, whose lot it was to take the second- and third-best first night of a given evening, I can testify that the poor plays presented in New York are poverty-stricken and numerous beyond all endurance. Broadway has a good season if one in each of thirty plays produced is worth an intelligent man's evening.

Those who demur at the conclusions I draw from the facts should remember that the theatre, stage and movie, is both technically and actually an "amusement business," conducted for profit, with about as much primary interest in art, philosophy and social problems as the owners of race courses are concerned with the improvement in the breed of horses—another euphemism.

The theatre has been a business since the decline of the Greek stage, which functioned as an organ of religion to begin with and died because it decayed as entertainment and couldn't hold its audiences. Even in the Christian Church's mystery plays the stage was an "amusement," a sacred one, posing no profundities as did the stage of Sophocles and Aeschylus, but presenting a pageant to make comprehensible to little minds the mysteries of the Holy Church.

Upon the reëstablishment of the stage after the ascetic centuries the theatre frankly became an amusement, currying favor for pennies as adroitly as it could, both at the royal courts, particularly in England and in France, and in the market place. In both cases, whether it amused royalty or commoners, it was dependent upon the support of its audiences, and the men who paid the production costs did their best to give their public what it wanted.

My belief simply is that Hollywood will now give its paying public what it wants—which means the public of the big cities which has shown that it wants good pictures.

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The Week in Business

By FRANK A. FALL

No Change

AFTER registering a few meaningless variations, the mercury in the business thermometer stands just about where it did a week ago. The chief indices show no indication of either an impending upturn or further recessions. The only significant happening of the week has been the moderately favorable reaction in the stock market.

Unless it is quickly offset by another slump, the rise in stock price levels should help our chief industries, particularly steel production and motor manufacture. The relation of stock prices to automobile sales is well known to all followers of business trends. If the market is down, actual or paper losses make even the "big shots" feel poor, and they decide to worry along for a while with last year's car (or fleet, as the case may be). If it shows a promising rise, they are likely to show their satisfaction in orders for the new models.

As increased automobile sales speed up motor production, Detroit and the other automotive centers rush orders for more steel, and thus another great industry is benefited. Reduced orders from the motor makers have had much to do with the recent decline of steel production to 41% of capacity. The railroads are in no condition to restore the balance, and steel's best chance for recovery appears to lie in the direction of the motors. If the bear operators in Wall Street can be kept on the run for a while, this chance is more than likely to materialize.

Back to the Merger

FOR several months we have treated the readers of this page to a moratorium on merger news. The vacation is definitely ended by the fact that on June 2 the Department of Justice announced that it would not appeal to the Supreme Court on the adverse decision handed down in the Socony-Vacuum case in the Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis in February.

The Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company, two units of the old Standard Oil Company which was broken up by the dissolution decree of 1911, are now free to get together and form a combination which will have close to a billion dollars in assets. And this isn't all. Scores if not hundreds of merger plans have been held back pending the decision of the Socony-Vacuum case, and unless all signs fail 1931 is going to be one of the greatest merger years we have ever had.

First to get away from the barrier, in all probability, will be the two largest of the old Standard Oil units—the New Jersey and California companies. This merger, unless the government develops unexpected opposition, will set up the largest petroleum enterprise in the world, with assets of $2,375,000,000 and control of one-fourth of the oil business of the United States. It will thus pass the Royal Dutch Shell consolidation, which now tops the list of the world's oil producers, and rank with the United States Steel Corporation in size and influence. They're off! From now on we shall probably have to resume our series of weekly Merger Bulletins.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 4—70.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) June 4—63.3.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 23—755,071 cars (increase of 7,339 over preceding week; reduction of 174,535 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 30—41% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 32.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 30—daily average gross 2,462,150 barrels (increase of 25,000 over preceding week; reduction of 147,300 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended May 30—661,000 bushels (reduction of 325,000 under preceding week and of 348,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 4—$9,147,203,000 (increase of 16.4% over preceding week; reduction of 7.3% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 4—454 (reduction of 74 under preceding week and of 31 under same week of 1930).

Vagaries—Series 20

SHOWING no respect whatever for past performances or seasonal variations, the business oddities curve continues to ascend, registering an increase of 1.369% since the last report. Recent developments include:

1. Discovery in England of the champion long-distance instalment buyer, William C. Lee, who obtained 201 cameras, 11 phonographs and 528 phonograph records before his racket was terminated in Berkshire Quarter Sessions.

2. Interruption to business and traffic in Washington, D. C., by the wanderings of an 18-inch snapping turtle, smoking a good five-cent cigar. Patrolman Carl P. Paul escorted the stroller to the nearest police station.

3. Patenting in Argentina of a device which the inventor claims will give warning of approaching earthquakes by ringing a bell and turning on all electric lights in houses where it is installed.

4. Ambitious plan of Professor K. Wiesinger of Zurich to run railway trains at 223 miles an hour. The coaches (when, as and if built) will be made of aluminum and will be driven by propellers.

5. New use for a milk bottle, discovered by William Shrum of Los Angeles. When two armed bandits attempted a holdup in his grocery, he made a quick forward pass with the bottle. His aim was so good that the bandits fled.

6. Invention by the Rolls-Royce engineers in London of a crude oil airplane engine to compete with the one being tried out in Germany by the Junkers experts. Fuel injection is controlled by a single pump. The same pump also regulates the air intake for all cylinders.

River Rouge

OUT of articles published originally in *World's Work, Scientific American, Review of Reviews, Nation's Business* and other periodicals, Edwin P. Norwood has concocted a most engaging description of what goes on in the Ford plant at Dearborn, with its daily population of 100,000 men—equal to that of Waterbury, Duluth, Tampa or Sacramento.

In *Ford Men and Methods* (Doubleday, Doran, $2) Mr. Norwood tells first how conveyors (succeeding the shovel, hod, barrow and tongs) have taken heavy loads "off the backs of men." He then describes the Ford nation-wide transportation system; the handling of the three eight-hour shifts; cleanliness and other safeguards to the health of the workers; feeding the 100,000 at lunch time; pay-roll methods; the Ford Investment Plan; and the operations of the Henry Ford Trade School for Boys.

This plain statement of facts, any one of which may be easily checked, strikes us as being of more real value to the Ford program than any of the many other books that have been written on the subject, including those in which Mr. Ford himself collaborated. It is not propaganda, for either the manufacturer or his product, except as the reader chooses to interpret it so for himself. But it gives a remarkably enlightening picture of how one of the world's greatest industrial plants is run, and teems with compelling human-interest stuff from the first page to the last.

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The Spotlight on Sports

By GEORGE TREVOR

Tennis Tempers

TEMPERAMENT is usually a polite word for temper. It was so, one suspects, in Mlle. Lenglen's case. It is true, unquestionably, as far as George Lott is concerned.

La Belle Suzanne's tantrums no longer add piquancy to the sport page. None of the present headliners in feminine tennis would keep the Queen of England waiting or stalk moodily off the court, coughing with dainty ostentation, to avoid defeat. When William Tilden likewise yielded to the enticements of professional promoters, amateur tennis lost its leading masculine exponent of the so-called "artistic temperament." It has found, however, a worthy understudy in George Lott, the Chicago spitfire.

Indeed, Lott offends more flagrantly than Tilden ever did against the dictates of match-play deportment. Linesmen usually escaped with a thunder scowl or an expressive shoulder shrug when they gave a decision displeasing to Large William. Occasionally, Tilden would fling those octopus arms aloft in a gesture of outraged innocence, and request the umpire to remove the incompetent forthwith, but Bill didn't bawl out the officials.

George Lott, who is now making things harder for his fellow Americans in Paris, has no such inhibitions. During his losing match with Hughes of England in the French championship, Lott turned on a footfault judge and shouted, "You're blind!" A minute later he waved his racket at a woman official who had called a ball out that George believed good and yelled, "No! No!" The lady promptly withdrew in favor of a male linesman, but Lott's quixotic outburst continued.

Conceding that the provocation was great—Americans are habitually discriminated against by prejudiced French tennis arbiters—the fact remains that Lott is anything but an ambassador of goodwill. If these unfortunate incidents continue we shall have to unhook the "Spirit of St. Louis" from its ceiling anchorage in the Smithsonian Institute, yank Colonel Lindbergh out of his newly found isolation, and start him back for Le Bourget with a couple of ham sandwiches.

Rudeness on the Court

IN A LESS polite game Lott would be called "a bad actor." Maybe he thought he was back on the baseball diamond when he questioned the footfault judge's eyesight. A baseball umpire counts that day lost when some belligerent doesn't ask—"Where's your horse?" Such references to Jesse James are in keeping with baseball's rowdy character, but shouts of "robber" grate harshly on the finicky ears of your tennis linesman. The amenities must be preserved.

Lott's display of bad manners may cost him a place on the Davis Cup squad. Captain Sam Hardy intimated as much when he said: "A man who can't control his temper, can't control a tennis ball. Lott blows up under pressure. He's game enough, but he fights himself instead of his adversary. George will have to curb his temper if he wishes to be considered as a Davis Cup candidate."

This isn't Lott's first exhibition of boorishness. At Forest Hills last summer, when footfaulted by S. Wallis Merrihew, whom he knew personally, George bellowed—"Take *that man* out!" The umpire refused to comply. Lott's action warranted a caustic rebuke from the chair, but none was forthcoming.

"It's high time the younger generation of American tennis players was censured for downright rudeness on the courts," the dean of tennis umpires told me recently. "Their language, at times, is indescribably foul—not merely red-blooded oaths, but waterfront obscenity. Many of them present a slovenly appearance, wearing dirty, wrinkled flannels and shirts that need a tubbing. Their unkempt aspect is in striking contrast to the immaculate dress of foreign tennis players."

Underwood

GEORGE LOTT

Prior to the War, such abusive tactics as Lott employs toward umpires and linesmen were unheard of in tennis. Mel Long, McLoughlin's California team mate, once scandalized porch sitters at the exclusive Meadow Club, Southampton, by cursing right out loud when he foozled a smash, but his wrath was directed at himself, not at the umpire or linesmen. Wally Johnson used to swear softly under his breath.

Muckerism may be condoned on the sand lots, but it has no place in a gentleman's game. Some day Lott may learn that a smile will cause the linesman to "even up" where a scowl antagonizes.

New London Regatta

FOR the first time since Ed Leader's advent at New Haven, Harvard is a betting favorite for the New London Regatta. This year's race will be rowed upstream from the spidery railroad bridge to Bartlett's Cove—a sheltered nook on the west bank of the Thames four miles from the stake boats. The two lanes, marked by red and blue flags, bear diagonally toward the left. The angle is so gradual as to be imperceptible, but the finish finds the markers hugging the rocky promontory which juts out above Bartlett's Cove.

An upstream start is swell for spectators who hold tickets on the New Haven observation cars. This train stops in the middle of the bridge directly overlooking the two shells. You get a close-up of the sun-tanned backs of the oarsmen; you hear the truculent little coxswains yapping last-minute orders through their megaphones; you see the lacy jabots of spray churned by the crimson- and blue-tipped blades.

Tension is evident in the drawn faces of the sixteen sweep pullers. The rattle of rowlocks, the creak of outriggers, the rataplan of stretchers being adjusted and the soft lapping of water against cedar gunwales are magnified by the sudden hush.

Far off in the distance the Thames vanishes among the low green bluffs which border the course. The sun, an orange globe, slides behind the Lyme

(Continued on Page 223)

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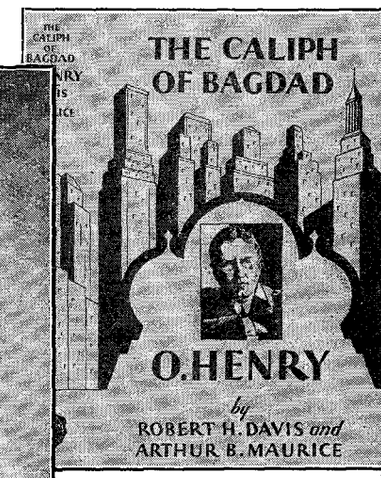
The New Books

The Week's Reading

O. HENRY (WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER)



"THE Caliph of Bagdad: O. Henry," by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice (Appleton, $3.50). The year after O. Henry died your reviewer moved into this Gramercy Park neighborhood, where she has lived or worked most of the time since. In nineteen-eleven everybody here knew O. Henry, where he lived, where he ate, where he drank. The park gardener and the grocer's boy claimed to have been his friends and had anecdotes to tell. Everybody read his stories. Now the neighborhood has changed beyond belief, and is O. Henry still read? Short stories have a way of surviving. Few true short stories are being written at present except for the cheap, popular magazines. Their place has been taken by the character sketch, the expanded anecdote and the prose poem, which, while often superior as works of art, cannot truly be called short stories. O. Henry's stories were built upon an ancient and reliable model. If they endure it will not be because of their local color and topical ring, already faded and dulled, or for their style, which will always annoy the fastidious, so over-burdened, so spottily brilliant is it. It will be the excellence of their plots and, above all, the faithfulness to life of plot and character, that will keep them from oblivion. O. Henry knew people and the things that happen to them. How he came to know them so well is told in the informal biography of Davis and Maurice. This interesting book is written in a way that O. Henry would have liked. It is journalistic in style and forthright in manner. It tells without theorizing the already familiar story. We see the North Carolina boy working in his uncle's drug-store, seizing the chance to go to Texas and grow up with the land, turning his hand to all sorts of work, becoming involved in a bank scandal, losing his head and running away, coming back to face the music and four years in jail, becoming at last a New Yorker. We see where he got the material for his stories and where, in prison, he "fell heir to enough spare time to take up fiction seriously." We see how he learned to see in "the rabble, his brothers seeking the ideal." It is a very human story, like all such tragi-comedies, and it is a story such as O. Henry might have written even to the twist at the end. Always an expert wangler for money, he wangled enough to get him back from Asheville, where he had gone for his health, to New York, where he longed to be. He wired that he had "cut out spending and Chianti" and would devote himself to writing. He got the money and came home—but he met a friend. A few days later he died in a hospital. "Turn on the light," he said, " 'I'm afraid to go home in the dark.' " That was the last line of a song they sang twenty-one years ago when New York was "little old Bagdad on the subway" and everybody knew O. Henry.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 13.

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own; a gay and charming tale. Reviewed June 10.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Ambrose Holt and Family, by Susan Glaspell: Stokes. A tragi-comedy of the conflict between a husband and wife by the author of **Brook Evans.** Reviewed April 22.

Non-Fiction

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

John Mistletoe, by Christopher Morley: Doubleday, Doran. Mellow reminiscences of many places and people. Reviewed May 20.

Green Hell, by Julian Duguid: Century. A story of adventure in the Bolivian jungles which is more absorbing than most fiction. Reviewed April 22.

Men of Art, by Thomas Craven: Simon & Schuster. The author's aim is to help the ordinary picture-lover. Reviewed April 15.

Adventures in Genius, by Will Durant: Simon & Schuster. Reviewed in this issue.

FROM the angle of people, the World is precisely one thousand times larger than West Virginia, there being 1,750,000,000 people in the former and 1,750,000 in the latter. Despite those who know West Virginia only from the fanciful rumors about White Sulphur Springs and the Mingo County Coal Mines, the state is a highly virile commonwealth and one of keystone importance to the other forty-seven. And yet how few great, or even prominent, men it has produced!

William L. Wilson is its sole statesman who ever stood out, it has about fifty recorded millionaires, apart from the 4-H movement it has contributed virtually nothing to education and has no educator of national rank, it had once a scientist who became so opulent that one becomes curious about the profundity of his science, Herbert Quick came to the state only to die, since the death of M. D. Post the state looks to M. P. Montague for its literary laurels, and many of its prominent people, such as John Barton Payne and Anne Jarvis (creator of Mother's Day) vote elsewhere.

But of the near-great and the would-

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be prominent West Virginia has her legions. In all of this she bears an unmistakable resemblance to her sister states. Actual human greatness in the United States is almost as rare as amusements in Greenland. The masses are condemned to life, liberty and the pursuit of shabbiness.

What a joy, therefore, to lay hold of such a book as Will Durant's *Adventures in Genius* (Simon & Schuster, $4). It is a volume of great bigness. It is formless; it does not even concern itself with chronology. The study of Flaubert (it is the weakest in the book) comes after Spengler, and Mayor Walker is too close to John Cowper Powys. It is informative. The chapters on Palestine, China and India are worth a library of government reports. It is inquisitive: Durant reveres the Unknown. It is inspiring; for it shows that we are just beginning to haul off the underbrush antecedent to scratching the real surface. The last sentence reads: "We have seen nothing yet." This is written at the close of a defense of our educational system that is so noble that it will make Bertrand Russell blush, if his blood can still be made to run uphill. And, best of all, it is an even-tempered, good-natured book. It is another inquiry into civilization written with the unwritten slogan: "God is in His Heaven, the men below are doing as well as they can."

By way of proving that it is a great book, one that changes one's mind, let us corral the very worst that any one can say of this volume of 150,000 words. Mr. Durant's pokes at the professorial type of scholar cannot be taken seriously, for without their patient digging and dull tracts it would require an even century to write this very book in its present form. Martin Luther was not an ascetic and Richard Wagner was not a charlatan. Havelock Ellis is not the greatest scholar of our day. That Tschaikowsky did not poison himself is not proved by the fact that respectable historians say that he did. John Dewey will be the first to deny that he more than any other one man has influenced education for the good. The "report" made a sheer stoop to journalism. There was no point at all in roping in such words as "scatophilic" and "arachnid," the latter being especially inept since it is used to describe Mr. Powys, whose style Mr. Durant rightly ranks among the best. And there is an occasional tasteless sop dished up to please everybody, as when a footnote adds that the Senate cannot be totally damned, for it has in it such giants as Senators Borah, Norris and Morrow. The one blocked the League of Nations, the other has worried the Republicans, to whom he really belongs, and the third has respected Senatorial tradition and observed an un-Jersey-like silence during his first series of sittings.

But on the whole, Durant's views of things is simply gorgeously healthy and his style is excellent. What he needs is a more thorough training in German. His book is an insistent tribute to Romance culture. But when he says that the second part of *Faust* is a hotchpotch of nonsense he is as absurd as anything he uses by way of showing that Count Hermann Keyserling is more than a bit off. Will Durant, Ph.D., would probably be surprised to find that much that he has said would be platitudinously familiar material to a German boy in a preparatory school. He takes keen delight in stating that David was the first racketeer, utterly unfitted to write a Psalm and never having written one, that Christ was born in 6 B.C., and that Palestine is a derivative from "Philistine." Dear Brother Durant, you who worship at the altar of French culture—and no sane man would deprive you of your *prie-dieu*—all such novel truths as these became commonplaces in Germany just after the death of Herder in 1803. Study German, Dr. Durant, and you will write even better books.

The most lovable fault of the volume, however, is its prejudices. Mr. Durant is a philosopher; and he loves the love of wisdom. Pages 54-60 are taken up with his list of 100 best books. The reading of these, he says, constitutes the road to freedom; they are guaranteed to make men wise. Durant has it all figured out: the 151 volumes cost $300 and can be read in four years, reading seven hours a week. There is a subconscious dig here at wasted time in colleges, but let this pass.

The Inner Sanctum informs its grateful clientele that Durant taught (in one of the Jersey Oranges) Latin, Greek, French, English, "and other languages." The reading of these 100 best books would not enable even a bright boy—and some are divinely dumb—to inflect even an adverb in any of these languages, more languages, in fact, than were known to a single genius memorialized in this book; in Algebra it would not

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The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 214 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

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Author of *The Lacquer Lady*

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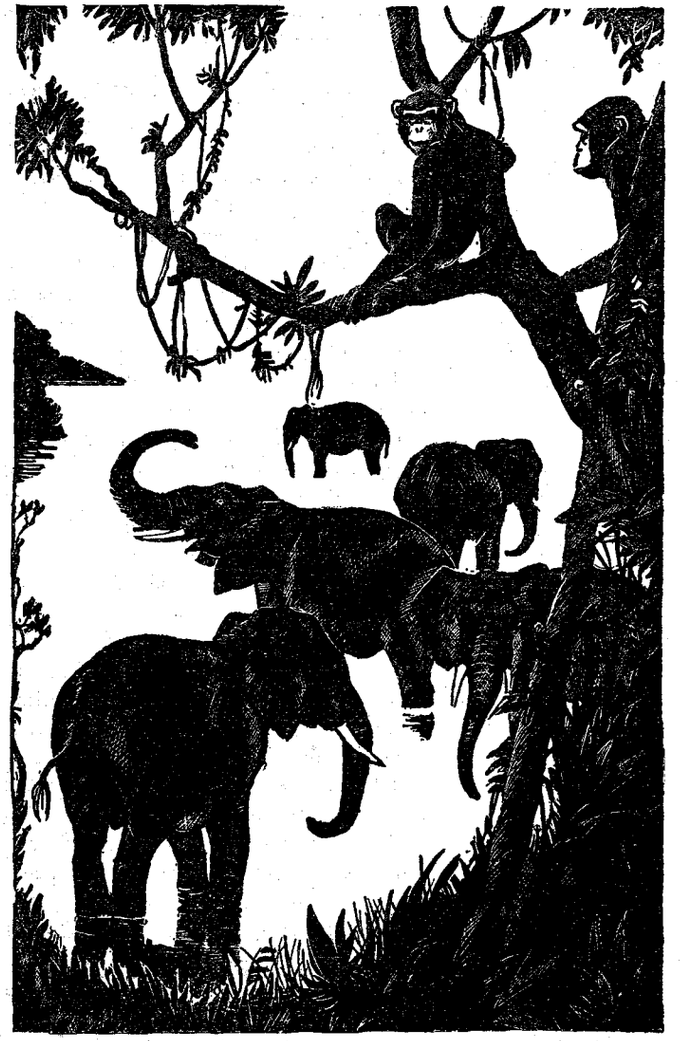

enable a bright boy to say what $a + b \times a - b$ equals; in Geometry it would not even help toward solving the problem of the straight line; with nothing more than the absorption of these 100 best it would not be safe to let a healthy boy run loose around the cased-in switchboard of a physics laboratory. Etc., etc., etc.

Philosophy is a glorious subject. Professor Durant states that Spengler's case against the West is the supreme achievement in philosophy in the century. There is reason for believing, and the present volume adds fuel to the faith, that Durant himself has made, in this connection, the supreme achievement. But even if Durant makes philosophy a prescribed course in his own school of wisdom, he should not on that account make the other subjects proscribed courses. And he doesn't; he is merely enthusiastic. Heaven send us good writers with other enthusiasms! The World and West Virginia need them.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

"AFRICA SPEAKS," by Paul L. Hoefler (Winston, $3.50). Every one who saw the screen-picture *Africa Speaks* will want to read this book, and every one who reads the book will want to see the picture—so the author seems to get us coming or going! It must not be supposed, however, that the book is merely or chiefly the story of the making of the movie. It is in fact a capital account of adventure, hunting (chiefly with the camera) and observation of a keen type. If, for instance, there has lately appeared any more thrilling account of death-defying bravery than Mr. Hoefler's chapter called *Spear and Shield*, we have missed it; the natives (Nandhis) stood motionless with poised spear until a lion was actually within spear length, and the trick of the thing was to spear the lion in the instant before it knocked him down and to fall with the shield covering the hunter.

The Hoefler party had their own thrilling experiences, but in the main the lions treated them with toleration. When a newcomer to camp put on the spotlight one night to ease his mind about lions, he saw seven of them majestically near by and on shouting his discovery one of the old hands replied, "Why! Where are the others?" Among the lesser oddities of Africa the party found are saucer-lipped women, lions that climb trees, trading hyenas for girls, native companionate marriage, pygmies who hamstring elephants, and much else. It is not a case of "believe it or not" for there are the pictures—and fine pictures they are.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

"BEDFORD FORREST" by Andrew Nelson Lytle (Minton, Balch, $5). Down South the Confederate reunion crowds still go wild when the Forrest men go by. Little wonder. In our war between the states Nathan Bedford Forrest was to the Western Front what the dashing Jeb Stuart was to the Eastern, i. e., an exceptionally excellent cavalry leader who harassed the Federals in season and out. In Reconstruction days he was the first head of the Ku Klux Klan. And then, in some one's memory, he was the man whom Lee called the best general of the war. Forrest had neither the planter aristocracy background of Lee, the business naïveté of Grant nor the West Point training and Mexican war experience of the two. A Tennessee pioneer, sprung from simple, agrarian, North Carolina stock, Forrest left the clearing for the small town, the general store for slave-trading and that for slave-holding in which he made money to be poured out for the C. S. A. He enlisted as a private and surrendered as a lieutenant general, though never defeated. He was a strategist by instinct not precept. He knew horses as well as men, and spared both. When he thought it he told his superior officers that they were liars. When deprived of his command he raised another; deprived of that, still another. He knew but one military phrase—"to avoid further effusion of blood"—and that he coupled with "or I will have every man put to the sword." He put his sword to the grindstone and then used it. Sherman swore to get Forrest if it took 10,000 men; it took the men but he didn't get Forrest .... Altogether, this was a logical subject for the publisher's "Biographies of Unusual Americans." Saying that isn't saying that Mr. Lytle has written an unusual biography. He has taken you with the Army of Tennessee but not into the heart of Forrest, not even very close to Old Bedford.

DON WHARTON.

"THE Grasshoppers Come," by David Garnett (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2.50) and *Amok* by Stefan Zweig, trans. by Eden and Cedar Paul (Viking Press, $1.50).

Amok and *The Grasshoppers Come* are long short stories by a versatile English ironist and a German critic and biographer. Utterly unlike in style and subject, the stories are alike in being definitely *stories*, built around ingenious and highly dramatic plots. In the rush of Zweig's narrative, some of the brilliance of his usual manner is lost. He tells his story in the first person, interrupting it with descriptive paragraphs which convey the exhausting, ominous atmosphere of a tropic night at sea. The story concerns a German doctor, driven mad at his East Indian station by monotony and passionate imagination, becoming involved in a lurid tragedy, which ends in his macabre suicide. Garnett's narrative is supported by the precise elegance of his style. His objectivity, the cool tang of his manner, are especially effective in the presentation of his highly imaginative story. The story describes the ad-

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ventures of the pilot and two passengers, the flight's backer and her lover, on a record-breaking long-distance flight. The flight ends in a crash in the Chinese desert. The passengers desert the pilot, disabled and with little food. Then the grasshoppers come. First they mean food, then horror, and, at last, rescue. A tenuous thread of symbolism, without which Mr. Garnett could scarcely write, runs through the story. Both these books are highly readable.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

How History Is Made

"THE MARTIAL SPIRIT," by Walter Millis (Houghton Mifflin, $4). This "study of our war with Spain" is a lesson in how history is made. During the Spanish War three little girls in Dutchess County raised chickens and sold eggs. These were described on the hand-printed circular as Fresh Eggs, Eggs and Alger Eggs. The little girls were Democrats, they had had some personal connection with the department of government which Russell A. Alger was conducting, and they *felt strongly*. Every American *felt strongly*, and on about the same basis of information, if not of party prejudice, as the little girls. Strong feelings and misinformation were the popular material out of which the war was made. "Many hands assisted" (in the making of it) "Democrats and Populists who wanted a silver standard, the gold Republicans who wanted a diversion, the idealists, the intriguers, the people who knew better and the people who ought to have." "Seldom can history have recorded a plainer case of military aggression; yet seldom has a war been started in so profound a conviction of righteousness." Cuban propaganda, appealing to sentimental America with those familiar stories of women raped and babies carried on bayonet points; Roosevelt and Lodge, dreaming of personal glory and an imperial policy; Hearst and Pulitzer, building up circulation and modern journalism; above all, a strong, united young nation, through with its housecleaning and ready to step out, show the world, and make its fortune—all these things made the righteous war.

If Mr. Millis' book is satiric in tone, satire is the method which suggests itself for dealing with such a bitter little war. It is easy enough to describe it as a comic-opera war, but there were too many false notes in the score and too few of the actors killed rose to take their curtain calls. No, it was a bitter war, fought by a young bully with a swelling head against a tottering old gentleman, and it makes perhaps the most shameful bit of reading in the book of American history. Your reviewer has dog-eared for quotation forty-four pages in Mr. Millis' book, enough to fill this issue of the OUTLOOK. Much of the book, itself, is quotation, for the author did not need to go outside his sources for satiric material. The only hero to come out of the book is Cleveland, "that obstinate conscience," who spoke "the last words of an old-fashioned idealism, of old-fashioned standards, of an old-fashioned integrity . . . ." who could not be inveigled or frightened into a war in which he did not believe. Otherwise, among the principal actors there are a few villains, and a great many clowns, and the lines are marked by a naïveté almost incredible, today. Consider the actors, McKinley, the milksop, whimpering about humanitarian feelings; Lodge and Roosevelt, "plotting international piracies," Roosevelt constantly exceeding his authority and giving a later war president every reason for not accepting his offer of military service; Samson and Schley, squabbling over who won a battle; poor, fat Shafter; Dewey and his triumphal arch; Alger, the Administration's unhappy scapegoat. Consider the arms of the service. The army came off badly. Its commanders rarely knew whether their fights were victories or defeats, and it lost twelve times as many men from mismanagement as from fighting. The navy had no doubts about its victories, but they seem a little less than glorious when one thinks of the exact condition of the enemy fleet which had nothing to recommend it except the despairing gallantry of its personnel. The war was brief. In isolated incident it was absurd; but in effect it was ugly. The element of bitter farce entered with the peace. Considering that peace, one cannot wonder that the Spaniards accepted their defeat with philosophy and have since entertained the warmest feelings for America. She took their ruinous imperial policy off their hands.

If you are old enough to have sung—"Dewy was the morning on the first of May—Dewey was the Admiral in Manila Bay—Dewy were the Regent's eyes, all of a royal blue—blue—Do we fear the Span-i-ards? I do not think we do—" you must read *The Martial Spirit*, and renew your youth, remember the Maine, and Cuban Orphans, and Ice for the S. S. Solace, and Frederic Remington's drawings and the colored cartoon on the middle page of Judge. And if you are not old enough to do all that, read the book anyway, and learn how history is made. But never fear—you won't remember the lesson long.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

"THE ART OF LEARNING[1]" has been written to aid young people, who, having finished their school years, wish to push on into higher fields of learning; older people who feel the lack of early drill and aspire to overcome it; and energetic, ambitious adults who desire to make the most of their leisure or, as victims of the unemployment situation, must become proficient in some new trade, craft or business. For such people this book should prove very stimulating. Its advice on methods and equipment is well thought out and sound. Moreover, it is clear and readable, and can be a big help in overcoming that inertia that is all that stands between most of us and the enjoyment that comes from using the mind on a subject that is fully worthy of it. ♣ ♣ ♣ Dr. Lenoir, in order to animate six multimillionaire patients, gets them to put up a million pounds, which he offers to Kellaway, down-and-out journalist, on condition that he perform six tasks—one selected by each of the millionaires. Hence this tome's title: *Mr. Hercules*[2]. And a very poor tome it is. We admit we're prejudiced at once against any story that opens with the remark: "Say, Doc, I reckon you're plumb crazy!" made by an American captain of industry named Phineas T. Lee. But, Phineas aside, it's a poor story. Of course Kellaway performs his tasks and gets the million. And *"Viola!"* as Dr. Lenoir remarks on p. 24. ♣ ♣ ♣ If you're Paris-bound and your French is full of mothholes, get a copy of *French a la Mode*[3]. It is the best phrase book we have ever seen, since the conversations cover phases of travel and French life not usually included in such books, and are written in real French, not the stiff and disjointed grammar French that is more of a nuisance than a help to travelers. Telephoning, getting a car repaired, playing boule, taking a "cure" at Vichy, playing golf, are a few of the sixty-odd subjects covered. Also a list of new idioms and words. ♣ ♣ ♣ Who beaned Miss Mulholland and then tried to strangle her on *The Midnight Mail?*[4] Let Silver, of the "Yard," unravel the mystery for you. You'll meet Foxy Hackett and Ikey Glockstein and the Spider, you'll get the inside dope on the theft of the Maharajah's jewels, and you'll be darn near blown up by the indispensable bomb—but Silver will provide you with plenty of excitement and a plausible explanation.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Walter B. Pitkin: McGraw-Hill, $2.50.
2. By Gwyn Evans: Dial, $2.00.
3. By E. E. Pattou: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
4. By Henry Holt: Crime Club, $1.00.

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Vice Squad"

OBVIOUSLY suggested by the recent disclosures of bribery and racketeering among New York's police and magistrates, *The Vice Squad* fails to live up to its high-sounding preface, and soon becomes just another movie about love. True, the vice squad detectives are shown as a lot of thugs using "stool pigeons" to frame innocent girls, but nothing is said about the whole thing being a racket calculated to extort cash from its victims, and the magistrate is a noble fellow who won't believe that stool pigeons exist in his police department. Failing as a great social exposé, *The Vice Squad* is more or less routine entertainment. Paul Lukas is a diplomatic attaché who is falsely accused of murder. To "shield a woman's honor," he agrees to become a "stool pigeon" in return for which the detectives put the murder down as "accidental." I do not recall all the details of the career of Chile Mapucha Acunha, New York's infamous "stool," but it is evidently the basis of Mr. Lukas' character. Romance comes when Mr. Lukas falls in love with one of his prospective victims, and to save her from a jail sentence he confesses everything to the magistrate. *The Vice Squad* is too pretty and pat to cover such a subject adequately.

"Daddy Long Legs"

Sentimental souls will have themselves a swell orgy over 'ittle baby-voiced Janet Gaynor's latest attack on the good old mother instinct. *Daddy Long Legs* will be remembered by those with sufficiently long memories as a sweetly old-fashioned drama of the poor little orphan asylum maid-of-all-work who falls in love with the dear, good, kind gentleman who provides money for her to go to college—although she has never seen him. Scenes in which Miss Gaynor mothers a large nursery of children bring warm murmurs of appreciation from the ladies present.

"Always Goodbye"

In spite of the excessive and extravagant hullabaloo which has accompanied Elissa Landi's début on the screen, the lady is really unusual. She is beautiful and intelligent and goes through the feeble plot of *Always Goodbye* in such a manner as to make you think it really amounts to something. She is blonde and British and a welcome addition to Hollywood's women-of-the-world players who are replacing the simpering ingenue heroines of yesteryear. Technically I believe Elissa Landi is known as the Fox company's "Greta Garbo."

Worth Seeing

Beggar's Opera: Modernistic German version of the old English classic. An artistic achievement.
City Streets: Unusually smooth gangster film.
Five-Year Plan: Silent travelogue with talkie lecture showing what the Russians are doing.
The Millionaire: George Arliss is charming in a trivial story.
Public Enemy: The roughest and toughest of the gangster pictures.
The Secret Six: Wallace Beery as a big Chicago beer magnate.
Le Million: Charming and light-hearted French farce—understandable because of two English-speaking characters who explain things. Very little talk, anyway.
Skippy: Percy Crosby's elegant little boy transferred to the screen without cuteness or coyness.
Smiling Lieutenant: A Lubitsch operetta you will enjoy—Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, and the usual lingerie display.

Always Goodbye concerns a suddenly impoverished English society girl who accompanies an international jewel thief to Lake Como under the impression he is just a Kind Gentleman.

"Just a Gigolo"

Mr. William Haines is now displaying his well-brushed hair in a little piece about a philandering young American in Paris who pretends to be a gigolo to test the virtue of the girl his rich uncle wants him to marry. *Just a Gigolo* is unimportant and silly, but it has a machine-made brightness which might help you kill a dull evening. It supports and reaffirms the old American belief that all French women are immoral and have lovers. The trouble is that Mr. Haines does not look the great lover he plays. He is too sophomoric, too flip and too boyish.

Maledictory

The short variety films produced by the Warner Brothers are, and always have been, so amazingly awful as to cause me acute embarrassment. I am ashamed to belong to a civilization which can produce such abysmal, sickening drool. After seeing a Warner "short" I feel that I have been insulted, and that the whole human race has somehow been degraded and befouled. The grotesque caricatures of human beings and emotions which move and jibber through them make me doubt that life can ever be right or beautiful again. They are so utterly cheap, so ugly, so dull and so pitifully lacking in any vestige of taste, wit or charm. Surely Paeolithic man, scratching on his cave wall with a charred stick, reflected a more sane and decent mentality than these films betray! So dreadful were they in the early days of the talkies that they were responsible, I am positive, for fully ninety per cent of the opposition to sound films; in 1928 the Warner "shorts" were about the only talking films we had. Now, in 1931, they are as revolting as ever, and the Warners insist on showing two or three of them with each of their features. Why, I don't know.

Pabst-Warner

Not satisfied with the mere incidents of a plot, director G. W. Pabst has accentuated the social satire in his modern German version of "The Beggar's Opera" with highly stylized makeup, costuming and lighting. The result is an unusual and adult piece of work

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

I HATE to rub it in on the gallant lads and lassies who held the fort here while I was viewing the theatre in Europe, but I'm the boy who not only knew enough to get out of New York while such things as *Brass Ankle, Perfectly Scandalous, Old Man Murphy* and the *Rhapsody in Black* were threatening, but I was sufficiently smart to get back to New York to see *The Band Wagon* and the *Third Little Show*. Mind you, there are some pretty awful looking ones scheduled for the next few weeks, but those two revues have made returning a good deal more nearly bearable.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Pleasant enough comedy by Rachel Crothers spiced with shrewd observation.

Crazy Quilt: Roughhouse revue with Fannie Brice, Ted Healy and Phil Baker.

Grand Hotel: Brilliant cast in year's greatest success.

Gondoliers: I haven't seen it yet, but they say the revival is good enough.

Melo: A bit Anglo-Saxon where it should be Gallic, but exciting nevertheless.

Once in a Lifetime: Still the funniest show in town.

Precedent: Moved up from the Village. Tremendously impressive indictment of California "justice."

Private Lives: The lines are there, so even with Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy it's probably still good.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell's greatest success in years.

The Green Pastures: Last three weeks after deserved two-year run. See it again!

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Herbert Marshall is leaving to be replaced by Glenn Anders.

Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland in a bright farce.

In the quarter of a century (approximately) that I have been going to the theatre, it has never before been my luck to see a musical show put on with such skill, taste and imagination as *The Band Wagon*. It's possible that the material itself isn't as good as we were made to feel it was by the Astaires, Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch and Helen Broderick with their own ample talents and the assistance of Albert Johnson's settings and Hassard Short's staging. But that's just being captious; if Howard Dietz and George Kaufman can write songs and sketches that can be made to seem that good, they *are* that good. The only thing about the show that they did not persuade me to accept without reservations was Arthur Schwarz's music which, except for *Dancing in the Dark*, is not of striking originality or beauty. Mr. Dietz, who owned up to most of the unpleasantly leering filth of *Three's a Crowd*, has apparently reformed, for his and Mr. Kaufman's numbers are almost all unexceptionable and very funny as well. The five featured players were all so good in their particular departments that it is beyond me to exalt any of them above the others. A double revolving stage is used with concentric platforms which can be rotated either at the same speed or at different speeds or in opposite directions. It is probably the ingenious and beautiful use that was made of this mechanism that made the Astaires' *Hoops* number and their and Fräulein Losch's *Beggar Waltz* so memorable. For once performers and stage designer seemed to work in perfect accord. You simply must not miss *The Band Wagon!*

The Third Little Show by any other name would still be a good show but it would bear a more accurately descriptive title. Far from being a little show it is only less magnificent than *The Band Wagon*. However, this gives Mr. Jo Mielziner, as the scenic artist, plenty to do, and that is more than just all right with me. Before going further with this review I might as well stop right here and break down and confess that I am the fellow who has never laughed more than fifteen minutes any given evening at Miss Beatrice Lillie. For those who worship her and are content if she merely walks on—and there are a great many of them—it would be hard to find a much better show than the *Third Little Show*.

Even *I* thought the first act Finale, *Sevilla*, in which she does a burlesque Spanish dance with Carl Randall, the funniest thing of that type for a long time. Once again, though, she takes an old number from Maisie Gay and one from Cicely Courtneidge, and in neither is she nearly as effective as the original. *The Late Comer* was done by Miss Gay in a Cochran Revue in pantomime and her bulk and far more expressive countenance made it uproarious. In *Sang Froid*, a sketch in which two English spinsters get into an Apache restaurant and maintain perfect composure while a murder is committed, Miss Lillie gives a pretty close imitation of Miss Courtneidge's performance except that after having had a drink she adds, "When in rum, do as the rums do." Apart from the star, the *Third Little Show* has Ernest Truex, who is only given two opportunities to be as funny as he can be, Carl Randall's skilful dancing, some apt remarks from Walter O'Keefe, Constance Carpenter and Gertrude McDonald to please the eye and two or three nice tunes.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

HAVING devoted the last few pieces to European affairs and told of various records which are difficult to get in this country you will perhaps be pleased to hear that there are a lot of good new ones over here. Of the ones which have come to my notice, however, the majority are noteworthy not on account of the novelty or particular excellence of the compositions played but because of the skill with which they have been played and recorded.

Outstanding from the standpoint of unusually brilliant execution which has been faithfully transcribed to the wax is the old standby, Dvorak's *New World Symphony,* as played by Erich Kleiber and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra[1]. The clearness and delicacy of the pianissimo passages and the extent to which a crescendo is achieved without blare or rattle marks a definite step forward in symphonic recording.

For sheer beauty of tone in a composition of rarely surpassed loveliness of melody Fritz Kreisler and Serge Rachmaninoff would be hard to improve upon as they play the *Sonata in A Major, Opus 162,* of Schubert[2]. This is Kreisler at his best and the records might be criticized solely on account of the extent to which Rachmaninoff subordinates himself.

A single piano record which no lover of that instrument should be without is Paderewski's beautiful rendition of Chopin's *Polonaise in E flat Minor, Opus 26, No. 2*[3]. Surely you know and appreciate what Paderewski can do with Chopin.

In the popular field the Victor Company and Waring's Pennsylvanians have lost no time in bringing out sprightly versions of *Sing a Little Jingle* and *I Found a Million Dollar Baby* from *Crazy Quilt*[4]*; Falling in Love* and *You Forgot Your Gloves* from the *Third Little Show*[5]; and *Dancing in the Dark* and *High and Low* from *The Band Wagon*[6]. These selections from our newest and brightest Broadway revues are all danceable and, as played by the Pennsylvanians, can be listened to as well. But, to my mind, the best low-down news of the week is that the Boswell Sisters have recorded *Sing, Sister, Sing* and *Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on*[7], although the Dorsey Brothers unfortunately do not accompany them.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, Album No. 30.
2. Victor, Masterworks Album No. 107.
3. Victor, 7391.
4. Victor, 22707.
5. Victor, 22706.
6. Victor, 22708.
7. Brunswick, 6109.

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

AT a meeting of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, Mr. Davis, managing editor of *Science Service,* warned his hearers that if the radio audience suspected any desire to educate it, its radios would immediately be turned off. "In radio dramatization," said Mr. Davis, "probably lies the most effective means of presenting science over the radio. Within this category may be included the broadcasting of events in the field of science." Well, leaving aside the question of whether or not the radio audience objects so much to features that are educational, or even intelligent, as those responsible for our programs seem to think, will Graham McNamee's broadcasting of the christening of a new telescope, or the discovery of a new vitamine, arouse your enthusiasm? Science, it is true, offers a vast and virgin field for the sowing of Mr. McNamee's wisecracks, and perhaps he can do for it what he has done for the newsreels, so vulgarized and cheapened that intelligent people now wear ear plugs. Or perhaps we shall have talks in German dialect by Herr Neanderthal, or dramatic sketches with Mr. Hydrogen, Miss Oxygen and Uncle Sulphur as dramatis personae, or a debate between Amos Science and Andy Religion.

Mr. Davis made one suggestion, however, which fired our imagination. "The least we can do," he said, "is to ease the listeners into the talk by theme songs." Now, these can't be the ordinary theme songs. They must have a scientific slant. And we have composed one to introduce a lecture on evolution, which we call "The Mammalian Blues." As the announcers say, with that charming rising inflection—Here it is!

Ah'm a mammal now,
An' how
Ah regret it!
Ah've worked an' Ah've sweated
For a million years
To get where Ah am.
Oh, damn!
Oh, dry those tears!
An' *now*
Ah'm a mammal
With a famil-
Y to feed—
Indeedy-deedy-deed!
I got those mammalian blues—
Oh, baby, what's the use?
Ma tears run down
An' darn near drown
Ma shoes.
Yes, they doos.
They's somepin, jest somepin that Ah can't explain,
A wigglin' an' a jigglin' in ma poor old brain;
I wanna go back to ma life in the mud
When Ah didn't have brains and Ah didn't have blood.
Each cerebral convolution
May be proof of evolution,
But to me
It's just another wrinkle—
Oh, baby, can't you see!
And Ah think'll
Lunge—plunge
Back into the ooze and be a sponge
Or a winkle.
What a time
We had, we amoebas
In the prehistoric slime;
Never had the heebie-jeebas
Though we never had a dime.
Then Darwin, darn him,
Changed all my anatomy,
Made a monkey out of me,
Then he did worse,
Made me what I'd rather be anything than—
A man!
(Oh, roll around the hearse!)
Nature's stepchild,
Worse than a reptile,
With educated fingers and an unskilled brain.
Oh, man,
Let it rain!
I wanna drown ma troubles
In bubbles
Not of booze,
But of prehistoric ooze.
I got those damn-where-Ah-am clammy mammy,
Mammalian blues!

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Aeneas B. Hooker contributes:

Who keeps the dusty highroad,
Nor glances left nor right,
Shall travel in good company
And reach his goal at night.

But he who shuns the highroad
And wanders at his will
By unfrequented valley,
By brake and glen and hill,—

He, though his coat be ragged,
His bed the dew-drenched sod,
Like Moses in the Bible tale
Shall walk alone with God.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Mouse-Hunters

THE man who owned the cat sat on the front porch in his rocking chair, rocked violently by the effort of his thoughts, and staring hard at the pussy.

The leg was broken. Certainly the leg must be broken. But in spite of it she sat happily in the warmest spot of sunshine, blinking her yellow eyes, purring and dozing. Occasionally she roused herself long enough to sit on her haunches and yawn, stretching her sleek head backwards, closing her eyes, and sticking out a tongue as pink and delicate and curled as a rose petal. Then she would wash herself, paying special attention to the left foreleg—which certainly must be broken—biting and shaking and smoothing it as though it were a misbehaved kitten. But presently she would tuck it under her, only a trifle awkwardly, and settle down once more to her enjoyment of the sun.

The man in the rocking chair hitched himself uneasily. Her contentment had always flattered him. He didn't exactly know why, he had never tried to explain it, but vaguely and somehow, he thought more of himself on account of that cat. And now he was planning to murder her. They said cats knew everything, sort of like mind readers, but if that cat could see into his mind right now she'd never go on purring like that, so warm and comfortable and unsuspicious. He remembered the day she had first looked him up and taken such a shine to him and just sort of made up her mind to stay on. Scarcely more than a kitten. Well, he never was one to think much of himself—except for knowing that he had no nonsense about him and had a cool hard head for living and wasn't one to be put upon—but he had begun to say to himself, now, how about it? With hundreds of men to pick from, laying all around the country, whatever made that doggone cat elect to stay with him? Now how about it? And somehow he thought more of himself.

Well, but this was something different. What earthly good was a pesky cat to a man if she had her leg broken and couldn't go after the mice any more? Way out here in the country it looked like a good mouser was a downright necessity. He called to mind the days before this one took up with him. Well, he wondered, how many men had gone hunting after the worrying varmints in potato sacks? Or behind crockery on the shelf? Or trapping them in the garbage can and not knowing what next? He chuckled bitterly to himself and he guessed plenty had done it. He had, at any rate; until she, there, had taken up with him. And a little milk and fish once in a while wasn't too much to pay her with.

Now she was no good. And he wasn't one to be put upon. If she couldn't go after the mice, there was another thing—she'd want regular food. And what for? Just so's she could sit in the sun and drag her leg around. He'd waited to see it get better. Well, it didn't look as though it was going to get any better.

"Hi, kid," he said suddenly aloud without turning his head.

A young fellow of about twenty with a fresh-faced, interested look was approaching the porch. He nodded solemnly, almost shyly, at the man in the rocking chair and came to a thoughtful standstill in front of the cat.

"Still broke," he remarked after a while. Later, he turned his eyes in the direction from which he had come.

"Here he is now," he said in the same oppressed voice but with a brief and lively look of expectation.

An elderly man with a somewhat forced expression of stern kindness was moving heavily towards the little group. He carried a shapeless piece of gunny sack in one hand while the other was closed upon a smooth, good-sized rock.

"Everything's all ready according to plan," he said to the rocking chair, but with his eyes on the cat. There was a certain false heartiness in his voice, and in response to it the owner of the cat got up slowly. He reached out his hand for the piece of gunny sack, discovered it to be a bag and, stooping, slipped it with unexpected firmness over the dozing pussy.

"Lead the way, kid," he said firmly.

The elderly man fell into step beside him.

"I'll just carry the rock till we get there," he said kindly.

The pussy, after a few mild struggles at the beginning of the journey, had settled down to comparative quietness. But now as the bag was opened for a moment her head made several thrusts upward, and one could see from her half-opened mouth that she was mewing softly. But only for a moment. The rock was dropped hastily inside the bag and the plaintive creature covered up once more. Her master hurriedly twisted and tied with cord the opening of the bag and, sure at last that it was firm, walked slowly to the bank of the falls, his friends beside him.

Pounding, rushing, writhing, the water reached the edge of the precipice and dropped. One hundred and thirty feet the stream poured and flashed and sparkled into the rapids waiting below. One of the three men whirled his arm and let go. A torrent caught the small grey bundle and closed upon it. Vanished. Gone. All over.

The three friends walked slowly home. The creature had been a fool from the start, thought the owner of the cat morosely. She had chosen to live with a cold, hard man who never let himself be put upon. And then she broke her leg. Folks said that cats were smart. Well, cats were dumb.

When they reached the porch at last they lifted their eyes wearily. The sun had gone. But sitting peacefully upon the spot where the sun had been was the cat, washing herself busily, biting the broken leg and occasionally shaking it a bit.

The three men stared and blinked and swallowed. Then the spirits of one of them began to rise. There she sat telling the world calmly what a man he was—a master to come back to from the jaws of death! Proudly he stepped up on the porch. What were mice, he asked himself contemptuously, triumphantly. For he had begun again to think more highly of himself on account of that cat.

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Mussolini of Mississippi

(Continued from Page 205)

"There are too many deadheads in the schools," said the Governor, and he swept them out, from presidents to the night watchmen. Thirty-three vacancies in the faculty were summarily declared at the State University; nineteen at the Mississippi State College for Women; and one hundred and twelve at the A. & M. College. Professors on their vacations, some of them on actual teaching duty, were notified by telegram that they were dismissed or demoted. No cause was assigned, or reason given, nor none asked. New appointees moved into the old places. Two state senators became secretaries of colleges; some loyal hearts became full-fledged professors, and one vociferous adherent was pacified by being appointed to the not dishonorable job of night watchman at the state university. Only one college president, an appointee of two years previous, kept his place. One left a real-estate office in Jackson to assume his former incumbency as Chancellor of the University; another resigned as publicity director of a power concern to become the president of the A. & M. College, and still another was promoted from the superintendency of a county agricultural high school to the presidency of the Mississippi State College for Women, the oldest woman's college in the nation. That some of the faculty appointments were good cannot be denied. That others were almost ludicrous must be admitted by even the Governor's warmest followers. But at least only good men and true stood at the keyholes of the state's educational institutions, and many political debts had been paid.

Last December the gathering storms broke in full force over the Governor's head. The American Association of Colleges and Universities was the first to drop from membership the four colleges so drastically castigated by the executive appointive power. Next came the condemnation of the American Chemical Society; the refusal by the Association of American Medical Colleges to accept "any students now taking premedical courses in any of the four institutions named;" the action of the American Law Schools Association which dropped the state university, and the withdrawal of the student chapters of the American Society of Civil Engineers from the university and the A. & M. College. And neither last nor least the suspension, effective September, 1931, of all four of the state colleges by the sectionally dominating Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

The Southern Association voiced adequately all the grievances of the others and stated fully the cause of its drastic action which definitely renders valueless a diploma from any of the three colleges or the university, and prohibits their graduates from even teaching in the seventy accredited high schools of the state. Chancellor J. H. Kirkland of Vanderbilt seemed to voice the sentiments of his colleagues when he declared that "the action of Governor Bilbo and the Board of Trustees placed the faculties in the status of political hirelings," and that "it was the most notorious and disgraceful act in the history of American education."

There the matter rests. None of the appointees has been removed; none has resigned. Governor Bilbo has been burned in effigy by a group of university students. Mass meetings of indignant alumni have been held and resolutions adopted. A committee of the Mississippi Education Association has formulated a plan, modelled after the University of North Carolina, to take the state colleges from political control, and there has been much comment in the press. But Bilbo still smokes his long black cigars with apparent relish and the schools still function, somehow, with normal attendance and enthusiasm despite the business depression and the Olympian interdictions. Perhaps the college associations have overdone their javelin-throwing in their eagerness to punish the man Bilbo.

Theodore naturally enough thinks of the offices in all state institutions as being within his province to award or take away as he chooses. Certainly if "every man has the right to wallop his own jackass," as he stated in a speech at Patrons Union on July 4, 1930, referring to State Superintendent of Education W. F. Bond, whom he first appointed to office in 1916, he must have the right to remove from a professorship a mere pedagogue and install in the yawning seat whomsoever he pleases. And by so doing he has put the finishing touches upon a political machine the like of which has never been seen before in Mississippi.

Under the laws of the state no Governor can be elected for two consecutive terms and Bilbo will have to be content merely to pull the strings from the sidelines, or run for some other office when his term expires in 1932. Bilbo can play the part of a Warwick when he desires, though his preference is to read the lines and act them, too.

Theodore once said he would run for the state superintendency of education against his former friend, W. F. Bond, but no man knows what he will do. He is in the prime of life, healthy, seasoned, unusually vigorous, and the idol of the masses. Many predict that with his Fascist guardsmen entrenched in the principal offices of the state, with his far-reaching county and state organizations, and with even the educational institutions thoroughly under control, he could take any office he desired, or pitch a friend into the offing. Meanwhile the schools bleed; the five-million-dollar insane hospital plant lies vacant and unfinished; the state institutions operate on a sorely harassed credit basis, and the newly elected Good Roads Commissioners twiddle their thumbs for lack of money to "pull Mississippi out of the mud."

Friend and foe alike generally admit that no mere question of fact, or obstacle of any sort, can disconcert "the man Bilbo" when he has a task to perform, or any enemy to annihilate. And there is no man in Mississippi who can arouse the populace as can he. During the Hoover-Smith mêlée he aided in keeping his state "safe for Democracy" by making inflammatory speeches. In his most widely known political speech, in Memphis, he charged that the then Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover danced with Mary Booze, a Negro woman and National Committeewoman of the Republican Party, when his train stopped at the exclusively Negro settlement of Mound Bayou, Mississippi, during his personal survey of the flooded sections of the Mississippi River delta in 1927. That charge gained national

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of June 13, 1951

"Those Whom France Did Not Receive—1914-1951" was the title of an article in last week's *L'Europe Nouvelle*. Among those mentioned were Wilhelm II, W. R. Hearst and Texas Guinan.

The federal tax of five dollars per mortar board on honorary college degrees has yielded an average of $18,530,000 per year in the ten-year period ending July 1, 1951.

The Theatrical Producers Association, and Associated Motion Picture Theatres, Inc., were said to be behind H. R. 942,567 which, if enacted into law, will prohibit night baseball throughout the United States.

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prominence, and was judged of sufficient importance to provoke a formal denial from Mr. Hoover's secretary.

Nor is the Governor hesitant in disputing with the Federal Government when there is any conflict with his own personal wishes. His clashes with the Secretary of Agriculture over the qualifications of his appointee as Director of the Extension Department of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, and his successful effort to induce the War Department to remove the head of the college military unit, who had made himself obnoxious by disapproving the Governor's choice as Commandant of Cadets, sufficiently bespeaks the high-handed audacity and colorful egoism of the man.

But these are all lesser diversions. The real interest of the state now rests in the approaching contest for the seat of Mussolini. Five candidates are already in the field and are coddling the ever credulous populace for their votes in the Democratic primary of next August. Election days are on their way again, and Theodore G. Bilbo and his guardsmen are in the saddle, riding hard. Is he headed towards the United States Senate? No man can guess the thoughts beneath the mask of that audacious, wrinkled face, but there will continue to be a "mighty noise within the land" as long as Bilbo holds the reins of government in Mississippi.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 213)

hills, its rays reflected by the oiled silk prows of the racing skiffs. Dusk settles stealthily, the referee's voice cracks like a rifle, the locomotive puffs throatily and you're off on your cindery journey.

Passengers on the Vermont Central, which parallels the west bank, don't see the start, thanks to the ice houses, oil tanks and miscellaneous structures hugging the shore, but they have their recompense later. The finish is right under their collective nose, the Vermont tracks running along the bluff which climbs up from Bartlett's Cove.

Turn about is fair play. The New Haven passengers, who got a point-blank view of the start, must now strain their eyes across the dusk-shrouded river to pick out those two slender water bugs.

There is seldom much doubt about the winner. Two-crew races usually develop into parades. Harvard-Yale regatta history shows that the race is generally decided opposite the Navy submarine base. The neck-and-neck 1914 finish proved a glittering exception. There never was a sliver of open water between the two shells throughout the entire four-mile journey. Yale won because the blue oars happened to be biting water as the crews slid past the finish stakes bow to bow. The Eli margin was one-fifth of a second —about three feet.

▸▸*Yale Breaks Training*

A MILD mutiny in the Yale Navy this spring may have disrupted morale. It appears that half the squad transgressed training rules either occasionally or consistently. Some of the oarsmen merely sampled a forbidden cigarette. Maybe they were trying the blindfold test. Others were detected in a Broadway night club getting first-hand information on the Volstead Act. A rowing committee snooper gave the tipplers away. Challenged directly, the culprits confessed.

Coach Leader wanted all the delinquents dropped without regard for degrees of guilt. The Athletic Association overruled him. The slightly soiled sheep were separated from the goats by a process which smacked of hair-splitting. "We congratulate the Association on being able to differentiate between varying shades of black," said the Yale *News* with fine sarcasm. "An injustice has been done to those singled out as 'goats' and Yale's athletic honor code has been sullied by tempering vengeance with mercy."

▸▸*Wages for Amateurs*

JOHN DE FOREST, runner-up in the British Amateur Championship, received $7500 for his exploits at Westward Ho. His amateur status remains unclouded, I hasten to add, for the money was a gift.

De Forest's father, "the richest baron in England," promised his son a bonus of $1250 for each round he survived. No wonder John spent so much time lying prone on the green while lining up his putts! Baron De Forest happens to be a nut on golf. He would rather have a Bobby Jones in the family than a Prime Minister of England. Hence the financial incentive to which Son John responded so nobly.

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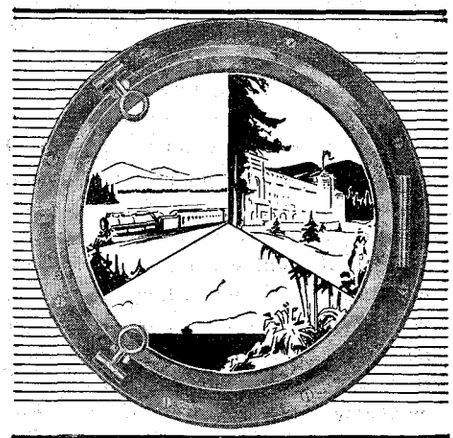

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